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A LAMENT.

O LITTLE waves, that clasp the shore
With passionate caress,
Your creamy curves forevermore
Do fill me with distress.

Why are you now so calm and bright
Now that my love is dead,
When every curve of azure light
Is circling round his head?

Why do you wear that smiling face,
O cruel hungry sea,
When on the earth you've left no trace
Of one that smiled on me?

I sit and watch you wave by wave
Laughing in careless joy;
I sit and watch the foam-flecked grave
Where lies my sailor boy.

I bring no flowers as others do
To scatter on the tomb;
He's covered o'er with sapphires blue
And depths of purple gloom.

He has no gravestone but the cliff,
All gilded in the sun;
No epitaph above his head
Records what he has done.

Would I could write each noble deed
In letters of pure flame,
That all who passed might stop and read
And spread abroad his fame.

And whisper how each stormy night
He was the first to brave
The terrors of the billow-fight,
The death-gloom of the wave.

How, rescuing souls from that dark sea,
Its horrors he defied;
And whisper, while they weep like me,
"In saving life he died."

Leisure Hour. B. T. A. W.

THE FISHERMAN.

THERIS the old, the waves that harvestèd,
More keen than birds that labor in the sea,
With spear and net, by shore and rocky bed,
Not with the well-manned galley, labored
he.

Him not the Star of Storms, nor sudden sweep
Of wind with all his years hath smitten and
bent;

But in his hut of reeds he fell asleep,
As fades a lamp when all the oil is spent:
This tomb nor wife nor children raised, but
we

His fellow-toilers, fishers of the sea.

"Byways of Greek Song."

Fortnightly Review.

A BALLAD OF THE HOUR GONE BY.

FROM many a distant land, in many a tongue,
With many tears and many a bitter moan,
With hearts for loss of dearest treasure wrung,
We cast ourselves, princess, before thy
throne;

Upon thy servants let thy grace be shown,
Grant us the boon for which we loudly
cry.

But now 'twas here, now seems forever
flown,—
The hour gone by.

Accursèd be the bell which sadly rung
The close of that lost-hour; its fatal tone
Within our ears like adder's poison stung.
So many seeds we had that are unsown,
So many ungarnered sheaves we may not
own,

So many stars uncounted in the sky!
Grant us this boon, or we are all undone:—
The hour gone by.

We see it now shine brilliantly among
The fairest flow'rs along our memory strewn;
The sweetest songs within that hour were sung,
The dearest loves belonged to it alone:
We wasted it. Ah! how shall we atone?
The present hour is void, and we descry
Naught in the future; wherefore we bemoan
The hour gone by.

ENVOI.

Princess, unless thy heart indeed be stone,
Grant us the boon or e'er thy servants die;
We crave one hour—of all the hours but
one!—

The hour gone by.

Spectator.

LOUIS N. PARKER.

IN A GLEN.

WILD hollow deeply cloven in the hills,
O faint-lit cloistral harborage of rest!
Where silence, drowsing on thy placid
breast,

Is lulled with low, half-noiseless noise of rills;
Where grey hill-shadows keep the noontide
cool,

Where no rude world-born dissonance in-
trudes,

The heart evolves within thy solitudes,
From formless dreams the formed and beauti-
ful.

What wonder I have chosen thee, dark glen,
For song and rest, since following thy
streams,

I lonely, rapt in tremulous gladness, far
From turmoil and the narrow ways of men,
Have known the light of slowly kindling
dreams,
And nebulous thought concentrating to a
star?

Spectator.

GEORGE L. MOORE.

From The Edinburgh Review.
ENGLISH ACTORS IN THE FRENCH
REVOLUTION.*

THE first French Revolution, it is well known, attracted to Paris men from all parts of the world, and of all classes—enthusiasts, adventurers, sensation-hunters; some of the best specimens of humanity and some of the worst; some of the most generous minds and some of the most selfish; some of the busiest brains and some of the idlest. Not a few of these moths perished in the flame which they had imprudently approached; others escaped with a singeing of their wings; others, again, were fortunate enough to pass unscathed. Some died in their beds just before the Terror ended, but without any assurance of its ending; others only just saw the end. The foreigners, like the natives, who fairly survived the Revolution, had very various fortunes. Some were thoroughly disillusioned, became vehement reactionaries, or abjured politics and were transformed into sober or enterprising men of business. Others crossed or recrossed the Atlantic, and lived to a green and honored old age, or gave way to degrading vices. Others, remaining in France, hailed the rising star of Napoleon, and lived long enough to be disenchanted, but perhaps not long enough to see the restoration of the Bourbons. The characters of these men are an interesting chapter in psychology. The honest among them had left house and parents and brethren, if not wife and children, for the sake of what they believed to be in its way a kingdom of heaven. They appeal to our sympathies more than the cold observers, if indeed there were any such, who foresaw the lamentable collapse of all these highly-wrought expectations. No doubt some of these immigrants were restless agitators, empty demagogues, pretentious egotists; but even these are not unde-

serving of study. There was much base metal, but there was also genuine gold. If of some who underwent imprisonment or death we can hardly avoid thinking that they deserved their fate, there are others whom we must sincerely pity, men to whom the Revolution was a religion over-riding all claims of country and kindred.

French historians cannot be expected to take much notice of these aliens. In their eyes they are but imperceptible specks in the great eddy. Their attention is absorbed by their own countrymen; they have none to spare for interlopers, none of whom played a leading rôle. If they devote a few lines to Clotz or Paine, they consider they have done quite enough. French readers, moreover, while anxious for the minutest details on Mirabeau, or Madame Roland, or Danton, and while familiar at least with the names of the principal Girondins and Montagnards, do not care to hear about a foreigner who here and there sat in the Assemblies, commanded on battle-fields, or fell a victim to the guillotine. Yet for us, surely, fellow-countrymen have an especial interest. We would fain single them out on the crowded stage of the Revolution. They are more to us, not than the actors of first rank, but than secondary characters like Brissot or Vergniaud. Here, however, English writers will not help us. If they have not surveyed the field with French eyes, they have at least used French spectacles. French artists have painted the panorama; English connoisseurs give us their opinion of the panorama, but not of the actual scene which it represents. To vary the metaphor, or rather to state a fact, they work up the materials collected by French authors; they do not go in search of materials for themselves. Not a single English book on the Revolution tells us who represented our own country in Clotz's deputation of the human race, gives us an accurate account of Paine's experiences, or specifies the number, much less the names, of the British victims to the guillotine. Nor can private inquiry do very much to remedy this deficiency. The men in question, as a rule, left no issue, and their collateral descend

* 1. *Paris Newspapers of 1789-94.*

2. *Anacharsis Clotz.* Par G. AVENEL. Paris: 1876.

3. *Etat des dons patriotiques.* Paris: 1790.

4. *Letter by J. H. Stone to Dr. Priestley.* Paris: 1796.

5. *Maine Historical Society's Collections.* 1859.

6. *History of Alnwick.* By GEORGE TATE.

7. *Histoire de Madame du Barry.* Par CH. VATEL. Paris: 1834.

ants, regarding them as the black sheep of the family, are unwilling or unable to supply any information — oftener, perhaps, unable than unwilling, for the probability is that these emigrants mostly broke off all intercourse with their kinsmen, especially as after a certain date war rendered communication very uncertain and difficult. There are, indeed, sources of information in France, contemporary newspapers and pamphlets, local and national archives, but even these are incomplete, and as regards manuscripts rarely catalogued. The Commune of 1871, moreover, created an irreparable gap, for in the burning of the Palais de Justice and Hôtel de Ville the municipal records, the registers of deaths, and many of the prison lists were consumed. We have, however, in researches on the principal Englishmen who figured in the Revolution, profited by every still available source of information. We have skimmed a multitude of journals and tracts, rummaged musty documents, made inquiries of relatives which have not always proved fruitless, and, although such researches would a generation ago have doubtless been more productive, we have collected data which from the fading away of traditions and from material or political accidents might not at a future period have been obtainable.

Although Paine, as a member of the Convention, might seem entitled to precedence, we prefer to begin with men of higher status and wider culture, who, even if eventually brought into political association with him, must have loathed his vulgarity and coarseness. Robert Pigott, for instance, who, as Cloutz's biographer, M. Avenel, has ascertained, represented England in the deputation of June 19, 1790, had been an opulent country gentleman. The Pigotts claimed descent from a Norman family named Picot, and had for eleven generations owned an estate at Chetwynd, Shropshire. They had been strongly attached to the Stuarts, and two heirlooms are still preserved in the family — a ring, one of four presented by Charles I. on the eve of his execution; and a portrait on ivory of the Pretender presented by himself to Robert Pigott's father at Rome in 1720. Robert succeeded to the

estate in 1770, at the age of thirty-four. The very day of his father's death, he and the disinherited son of Sir William Codrington, at Newmarket, "ran their fathers' lives one against the other" for five hundred guineas. The elder Pigott having already been dead a few hours at Chetwynd, though neither party knew of it, Pigott maintained that the bet was off; but Lord Mansfield gave judgment for Codrington, holding that the impossibility of a contingency did not debar its being the subject of a wager, if both parties were at the time unaware of that impossibility. Pigott had soon to serve, as his grandfather had done before him, as high sheriff of the county; but he held eccentric views. He shared the belief of croakers that England's fall was imminent; sold all his estates (said, including the manor of Chesterton, Hunts, to be worth 9,000*l.* a year), and went to live at Geneva. We know nothing, however, of how long he stayed or what acquaintances he made; Voltaire must have been of the number. We next hear of him in London, where Brissot was introduced to him. Pigott had become a vegetarian, or, as it was then called, a Pythagorean. To this he had probably been converted by a Dr. Graham, brother to the well-known Mrs. Macaulay's young second husband, the notorious charlatan with whose mud baths and electric beds the future Lady Hamilton was associated. Brissot, when calling on Pigott, frequently found Graham with him. Pigott was thus evidently just the man to be kindled into enthusiasm by the Revolution. He had, moreover, an antipathy to cocked or other hats, as the invention of priests and despots, and wore a cap which at the Feast of Pikes made him the observed of all observers. When royalist deputies, suspecting the genuineness of Cloutz's deputation, sent an usher who spoke English — probably Rose, a man of Scotch extraction — to test the English representative, he was answered by Pigott in "good Miltonic English," and retired in confusion. We may imagine Pigott receiving from Cloutz a certificate of his presence at the Feast of Pikes, couched, with a simple alteration of name and nationality, in these terms,

and entitling the bearer to a federal ribbon and diploma :—

Capital of the globe, February 5, year 2. I certify and make known to all the free men of the earth that Joseph Cajadaer Chammas, member of the oppressed sovereign [the people] of Mesopotamia, had the honor of attending the Federation of July 14, by virtue of a decree emanating from the august French Senate, June 19, year 1. ANACHARSIS CLOOTZ, orator of the human race in the French National Assembly.*

What a contrast between the high sheriff of Salop paying the honors to the judges of assize and the cap-headed man at the bar of the National Assembly! Pigott is described in one place as a journalist, but perhaps merely because he had sent an address to the Assembly on Sieyès's press bill of 1790. He spoke in this address of loving France as warmly as if he had been a native, and of his having hastened over with a multitude of foreigners to enjoy the rights of man in all their purity. He dissuaded the Assembly from taking English legislation as a model, for the shameful war with America had shown how people could be misled by a press which the government could oppress or coerce. England, he said, was not really free, but had only a semblance of a freedom.

At the beginning of 1792, Pigott, in a pamphlet which we have been unable to find, but passages from which appeared in Brissot's paper, the *Patriote Français*, advocated the use of caps, as allowing the face to be well seen, and as susceptible by various shapes and colors of all sorts of embellishments. He condemned the hat as gloomy and morose, denounced the uncovering of the head as a servile and ridiculous salutation, and appealed to Greek, Roman, and Gaulish usage, as also to the example of Voltaire and Rousseau. The effect of the appeal was electrical. For a few weeks caps were the rage, though it is not clear how far the republicans, any more than Voltaire and Rousseau, wore them outdoors. When on March 19, 1792, Pétion wrote to the Jacobin Club so strong and sensible a remonstrance against external signs of re-

publicanism that the president pocketed his cap, all present following suit, it cannot be supposed that they went home bareheaded. These red caps must have been confined to indoor use. Pigott, however, was clearly the introducer of the *bonnet rouge*, for the Château-Vieux mutineers, to whom it is usually attributed, did not enter Paris till three months after caps had come in and gone out. The cap of liberty had been a symbol, indeed, employed from the outset of the Revolution, but it was Pigott who made it an article of dress. He had apparently quitted Paris by the summer, when it was revived, and this time undoubtedly worn outdoors, sometimes placed on the back of the head, like that of a Zouave of the present day, sometimes covering the top of the head, with the end slightly lapping over in front.

Pigott's next two years are a blank for us. He must have left Paris before November, 1792, or he would have figured in the British Club which then made itself conspicuous. We thought, indeed, at one time to have traced him under the guise of Picotte or Pigatte in the Paris prison rolls, in which case he might have met his old friend Codrington as a fellow-prisoner, but the dates do not agree. He died at Toulouse on July 7, 1794, three weeks before Robespierre's fall, leaving a widow, Antoinette Bontan, possibly the Mrs. Pigott who was living at Geneva in 1807-9. He is said also to have had a son who predeceased him.

James Watt, junior, son of the great inventor, represented his country, like Pigott, in a cosmopolitan procession. He had become intimate at Manchester with an ardent politician, Thomas Cooper,* a chemist; and the Constitutional Society of that town deputed both of them, towards the end of 1791, to carry an address of congratulation to the Jacobin Club. Young Watt was in all probability the anonymous "constitutional Whig" who figured in the "moral-sublime" scene quoted by Carlyle in his essays. The poet Wordsworth arrived in Paris a little later, made Watt's acquaintance, likewise attended the assembly of the Jacobins, and

* Lettre du Prussien Cloutz au Prussien Hertzberg. Paris: 1791.

* Cooper eventually emigrated to America, and died in 1829.

on continuing his journey to Orleans took away a fragment of the Bastille as a relic. Watt may have introduced the future laureate, then a heated democrat, ultimately an extreme Tory, to Robespierre and Danton, for he knew them well, was Danton's second when they had quarrelled, and on the ground effected a reconciliation by urging the loss to the cause of liberty if either of them fell. When, on April 15, 1792, the forty mutinous soldiers of the Château-Vieux regiment, released from the galleys of Brest, had a triumphal procession through Paris, Cooper and Watt were in it, bearing the British flag, with the bust of Algernon Sydney. Burke, in the House of Commons nearly a year afterwards, vehemently denounced them as having thus applauded mutiny and murder, and as having exchanged embraces with Marat. Watt's biographer, Muirhead, speaks of him as horrified by the storming of the Tuileries and the September massacres, but he was so far from reprobating the former that on August 14 he waited on the Assembly, together with Gamble and Raymont—Didot, the paper-maker, had married a Miss Gamble, and this was probably her brother—to present thirteen hundred and fifteen francs for the families of the combatants. The September massacres, however, certainly horrified Watt, and so little did he make a secret of it that Robespierre denounced the two Manchester delegates to the Jacobins as Pitt's emissaries. Watt, whom three years' schooling at Geneva had made fluent in French, was equal to the occasion. Springing on the platform, he pushed Robespierre aside, and in a short but vehement speech "completely silenced his formidable antagonist, carrying with him the feelings of the rest of the audience, who expressed their sense of his honest British spirit in a loud burst of applause." On going back to his lodgings, however, Watt had a warning that his life was not safe, and we know that the incorruptible Robespierre was also the unforgiving Robespierre. He immediately left Paris without a passport, and with some difficulty made his way to Italy. On his return to England in 1794 his father had serious apprehensions lest he should be prosecuted, and contemplated shipping him to northern Europe or America; for though young Watt (by this time twenty-five years of age) had broken off correspondence with France he was still a Radical, and deemed it an honor to dine with two of the "acquitted felons" of the 1794 trials. He was, how-

ever, left unmolested, went back after a time to Birmingham, succeeded to his father's business, and in 1817 was the first to cross the Channel and ascend the Rhine to Coblenz by steam. He lived till June, 1848, thus hearing of the proclamation of the second republic, after having witnessed the virtual establishment of the first.

William Playfair, more actively engaged in the Revolution than Watt, had also to flee for his life, but unlike Watt he ended by cursing what he originally blessed. Brother of John Playfair, the Edinburgh mathematician and geologist, he was a civil engineer, and had settled in Paris. He had patented a new rolling machine, and in 1789 joined Joel Barlow in launching the Scioto Company, which in two months disposed of fifty thousand acres in Ohio to two convoys of French emigrants. When Barlow was called back to America, Playfair acted as sole agent. He assisted, in all probability, in the capture of the Bastille, for he was one of the eleven or twelve hundred inhabitants of the St. Antoine quarter who on the previous day had formed themselves into a militia, and who, with the exception of a few detained by patrol duty, headed the attack on the fortress. It is significant, but scarcely excusable, that in his "History of Jacobinism" he makes light of the capture of the Bastille, and does not hint that he was concerned in it. Indeed, the only reference to his having been in Paris at all is the remark, "I do not consider virtue to consist in the simple manners and republican phrases of a Brissot, and I have told him so to his face." A French pamphlet of 1790 on paper money is attributed to him. It was he (not Pétion, as Carlyle represents) who courageously rescued D'Espréménail, an old acquaintance, when half killed by a mob in the Palais Royal in February, 1791. Pétion simply visited and condoled with the poor man after the rescue, in which Playfair was assisted by a brave National Guardsman, a horse-dealer, who afterwards pawned his uniform to give Playfair a dinner, and was with difficulty persuaded to accept a few louis.* On Playfair speaking out too plainly on the excesses of the Revolution, Barrère is said to have procured an order for his arrest, but he escaped to Holland and thence to England.

By 1793 he was back in London, publishing pamphlets which advocated a

* France as it Is, not Lady Morgan's, by W. Playfair, 1819.

wholesale manufacture of forged assignats as the surest and most merciful method of crushing the Revolution. He urged that this would save many lives, that American notes were forged in General Howe's camp without its being deemed dishonorable, and that there could be no fear of retaliation, seeing that Bank of England notes were payable at sight. Names, says the old song, go by contraries. Only on the *lucus a non* principle can we explain the sanguinary temper of a Rossignol or a Saint Just and the forged assignat proposal of a Playfair. Unfortunately his suggestion did not fall on deaf ears. The British government is alleged to have connived at the manufacture by the *émigrés* of forged assignats at Howden, near Hexham. The local tradition is that this paper-mill on the Tyne never prospered afterwards. Some of the exiled bishops and clergy reprobated the act, but the Bourbon princes apparently reconciled themselves to it on the casuistical plea that the counterfeit notes had a secret mark by which, in the event of the restoration of the monarchy, they could be distinguished and cashed. One ill deed begets another, and though the royalist issue had long ceased, Napoleon in 1803 organized a forgery of English, Austrian, and Russian notes, the plates of which were claimed by and given up to the respective ambassadors on his fall. Playfair, who is more honorably known as an editor of Adam Smith's works, was constantly unsuccessful, despite his inventive genius. He returned to Paris after Waterloo to edit *Galignani's Messenger*, but in 1818 an account of a duel brought on him a sentence of three months' imprisonment, to escape which he fled to London, where he died five years afterwards, at the age of sixty-four. His brother, the professor, remained a staunch Whig; and a Dundee minister, James Playfair, who in 1790 signed an address of congratulation to the French Assembly, was probably a cousin.

John Hurford Stone resembled Playfair only in enterprise and eventual poverty. He was born at Tiverton in 1763, lost his father in childhood, and was sent up to London with his brother William to assist in the business of their uncle William Hurford, the son of a Tiverton sergemaker, who had become a coal merchant. Stone, according to information furnished us by a kinsman, was very clever and cultured, and had completely thrown off the Unitarian doctrines of his family. He was one of Dr. Price's congregation in

London. He induced his uncle to embark in speculations which ultimately proved ruinous. There is a tradition in the family that he assisted at the capture of the Bastille, but there is no positive evidence of his being in Paris till three years later. In October, 1790, he presided at a dinner given by the Society of Friends of the Revolution (of 1688) to a deputation from Nantes. They wrote home that he was thoroughly acquainted with all the European languages and literatures, and that on dining at his house they met the leading men of letters. Samuel Rogers may have been one of the number, for he knew Stone well, and twelve months later, dining with him, met Fox, Sheridan, Talleyrand, Madame de Genlis, and Pamela, "quite radiant with beauty." In November, 1792, Stone was in Paris, and wrote to dissuade Sheridan from accepting French citizenship, which the Convention intended conferring on him and Fox. "Obscure and vulgar men, and scoundrels" — does he include Paine? — having already received the distinction, he had persuaded Brissot to defer the proposal, especially as it would be made a handle of by the Tories. In the same month he presided at a dinner of British residents in Paris to celebrate French victories. Paine was present, as also Lord Edward Fitzgerald, whom Stone introduced to the fascinating Pamela. Stone was well acquainted with Madame de Genlis, Pamela's adoptive (or real) mother, and on having to quit Paris she entrusted her manuscripts to him. He handed them over to Helen Maria Williams, who, on the eve of a threatened domiciliary visit, burnt them. The "scribbling trollop," as Horace Walpole styles her, never forgave him for this holocaust, yet he is said to have advanced fifteen thousand francs with a view to procuring her husband's escape from prison.

Sympathy with the Revolution ensured no immunity from the wholesale arrest of British subjects as hostages for Toulon. Stone was apprehended and consigned to the Luxembourg on October 13, 1793, but released on the 30th. He was again arrested, together with his wife, in April, 1794, but liberated next day on condition of leaving France. He could not safely return to England, for his brother was in Newgate on a charge of treason, and he himself was described in the indictment as the principal. He went to Switzerland, probably joining Helen Williams there, but he must have been back in June, for he then obtained a divorce from his wife

Rachel Coope. This is the presumptive date of his *liaison* or secret marriage with Miss Williams. Their friend Bishop Grégoire perhaps married them; but it is not easy to understand why they were not publicly and legally united.

William Stone was tried at the Old Bailey, after nearly two years' incarceration, on January 28 and 29, 1796, for "treacherously conspiring with his brother, John Hurford Stone, now in France, to destroy the life of the king and to raise a rebellion in his realms." The truth was, however, that he had urged his brother, "that seditious and wicked traitor," as Sir John Scott (afterwards Lord Eldon) styled him, to dissuade the French from invading England, inasmuch as they would find none of the sympathy they expected, but were doomed to failure. Scott argued, indeed, that by warning the French against a hopeless enterprise William Stone had acted as their friend and as the king's enemy; but Erskine and Adair, his counsel, urged that if promoting an invasion was treason, warding it off must be the reverse. The prisoner, indeed, had sheltered his brother's emissary, the Irish Presbyterian minister Jackson, had corresponded with Jackson in Ireland, signing his name backwards (Enots), and had forwarded to the government garbled extracts from his brother's letters; but Lord Lauderdale, Sheridan, and William Smith, M.P., testified that he was merely a weak enthusiast, anxious to give himself airs, but sincerely desirous of a peace with France. Rogers, called as a witness for the prosecution, and asked as to the prisoner's loyalty to his king and regard for his country, evasively answered that he had always thought him a well-meaning man. He was acquitted, and after a fortnight's detention for debt retired to France.

J. H. Stone, in a published letter to Dr. Priestley, made some caustic comments on this prosecution, and incidentally expressed admiration of Charlotte Corday, though her act had done more harm than good. He also extolled the Girondins, and declared his dissent from Paine's religious views and his belief in an enlightened Christianity. He had by this time started afresh in business, and while still an ardent politician, and in the confidence of the Directory, became one of the chief printers in Paris. In 1805 he brought out an edition of the Geneva Bible. He published several English reprints, and he undertook a costly edition of "Humboldt's Travels." This work,

which must have made him acquainted with Humboldt, ruined him, and in 1813 he had to hand it over to Smith, likewise apparently an Englishman. He was naturalized in 1817, simultaneously with Helen Williams, and died in the following year. His tombstone in Père Lachaise, "the last tribute of a long friendship," describes him as an enlightened champion of religion and liberty. A now fallen stone alongside seemingly marks the spot where Helen Williams was interred nine years later.

The prosecution of William Stone caused the flight of Benjamin Vaughan, M.P. for Calne, and uncle by marriage of Cardinal Manning. Vaughan was the son of Samuel Vaughan, a London merchant trading with America, by the daughter of a Boston (U.S.) merchant, was born in Jamaica in 1751, and was educated at Cambridge, but being a Unitarian could not graduate. Private secretary to Lord Shelburne, he fell in love with Miss Manning, but her father withheld his consent to the marriage on the ground that Vaughan had no profession. Thereupon Vaughan went and studied medicine at Edinburgh, married on his return, and became partner with Manning & Son, merchants in Billiter Square. He acted as confidential messenger in peace negotiations with America, edited a London edition of Franklin's works, and wrote a pamphlet on international trade, which was translated into French in 1789. He was returned for Calne at a bye election in February, 1792, Lord Shelburne having evidently effected the vacancy for him. In February, 1794, he made a speech advocating precautions against negro risings in the West Indies, on account of the emancipation of slaves in the French colonies; but although this speech argued little sympathy with the Jacobins, a letter from him found on Wm. Stone, seemingly addressed to or intended for J. H. Stone, and dissuading the French from an invasion, led him to take refuge in France. To avoid arrest as an Englishman, he assumed the name of Jean Martin, and lived in retirement at Passy, his identity being known to only five or six persons. One of these was Bishop Grégoire, who states that the English government supposed him to have gone to America, or would otherwise have outlawed him. Another was Robespierre, to whom he paid secret visits. In June the Committee of Public Safety detected his incognito and arrested him, but after a month's detention at the Carmelite monastery he was banished.

According to Garat he was mobbed in the street as one of Pitt's spies, and narrowly escaped immediate trial and execution; but even if his apprehension really took place in this way the danger could not have been so imminent as Garat represents.

Vaughan repaired to Geneva, and had no sooner arrived than he despatched a long letter to Robespierre, written in a tone bespeaking intimacy, and an intention of keeping up a correspondence. He advised Robespierre to contract France to her former limits, and to convert her conquests into a fringe of free and allied States. By the irony of fate this letter, written as if to an autocrat, reached Paris on the night of the 9th Thermidor, when Robespierre, arrested but released, was making his last throw for life and power at the Hôtel de Ville. It was opened by the Committee of Public Safety, perhaps at the very moment when the fallen tribune was writhing in agony.

In 1796, probably before his return to Paris, Vaughan published at Strasburg a pamphlet entitled "*De l'état politique et économique de la France sous sa Constitution de l'an 3.*" It professed to be a translation from the German, made by a foreigner who craved excuse for inaccuracies of idiom. It is an unqualified panegyric of the Directory, a system of government to be envied, according to Vaughan, even by America, much more by England, Switzerland, and Holland. There is an incidental reference to the Reign of Terror as a political inquisition whose rigor equalled that of the Spanish tribunal, and there is a very just remark attributing the atrocities of the Revolution in part to the despotism and superstition under which its leaders had been trained. Vaughan likewise observes that the mob generally respected private property, frequently yielded to the voice of reason, and were rarely intoxicated, "which" — an evident fling at the London and Birmingham rioters — "cannot be said of mobs everywhere." It is surprising, however, to find him not merely extolling the cumbrous and corrupt system of the Directory, but confidently predicting its durability and an era of peace and prosperity. He was manifestly wanting in political sagacity. He was also smitten with the craze of the Revolution being a fulfilment of the book of Daniel, and wrote a treatise on the subject, but had the good sense to suppress it, the printer saving one copy for Grégoire. A Unitarian should have escaped the prophecy-interpretation

mania, but the Revolution upheaval turned merchants into fanatics and rationalists into mystics.

Stone's acquittal ought to have rendered Vaughan's return to England perfectly safe, and his brother-in-law William Manning, M.P. for Plympton and a staunch Tory, was assured by Pitt that as a harmless enthusiast he might resume his Parliamentary duties; but Vaughan suspected a trap. This was of course absurd, but it shows the atmosphere of distrust which then prevailed. He consequently never again trod English soil; but after living some time with Skipwith, the American consul in Paris, he rejoined his family at Hallowell, Maine. We do not hear that he took any part in American politics, but he doctored his neighbors gratuitously, was honored and respected, and died in 1835, bequeathing part of a fine library to Bowdoin College. Of all the English exiles in Paris he seems to have had the peacefullest old age.

George Grieve, who hunted Madame du Barry to death, is in every way a contrast to him. Grieve's grandfather, Ralph, was a scrivener at Alnwick, who, on the election of an incumbent in 1694, headed the minority and was expelled from the Common Council. His father, Richard, a few weeks before George's birth in 1748, was the leader of an election mob which stormed the town hall, thus frustrating the attempt of his fellow-councillors to procure an unfair return. With such a lineage George Grieve could scarcely fail to be an ardent politician; yet his elder brother, Davidson Richard, was a quiet country gentleman, high sheriff of Northumberland in 1788. George, in 1774, headed the opposition to the Duke of Northumberland's attempt to fill up both seats, in lieu of being content with one, and the opposition secured a narrow majority of sixteen, Alnwick itself pronouncing for the duke. Four years later Grieve led a mob which levelled the fences of part of the moor wrongfully presented by the corporation to the duke's agent. He was of course a fervent admirer of Wilkes, and a zealous advocate of Parliamentary reform. His affairs, however, became involved, and like Pigott, he fancied England to be on the brink of ruin. Accordingly about 1780 he sold his patrimony, crossed the Atlantic, made acquaintance with Washington and Paine, and is said to have partly supported himself by his pen. He appears to have been sent on a mission to Holland, and then, about 1783, settled in Paris.

That such a man would throw himself into the Revolutionary movement is evident; but although he knew Mirabeau there is no trace of Grieve's activity till 1792, when he took up his quarters at an inn at Louveciennes, the hamlet inhabited by Madame du Barry. Here he formed a club, which, the lady being in England in quest of her stolen jewels, audaciously met in her drawing-room. Her Hindoo servant Zamore, whom she had brought up, had stood sponsor to, and had named after one of Voltaire's tragedies, proved unfaithful. She had loaded him with kindness, and as a boy he used, dressed like Cupid, to hold a parasol over her as she went to meet Louis XV. in the garden; but Grieve wormed all her secrets out of him, got an order for seals to be placed on her property, and placed her name at the head of a list of persons to be arrested. The power of the municipality to make arrests was, however, questioned, and for seven months Madame du Barry remained free, though in perpetual anxiety. On July 1, 1793, Grieve escorted the municipality to the bar of the Convention, vehemently denounced her, and obtained authority to apprehend her, but a petition from the villagers, who had profited by her residence, procured her release. Thereupon Grieve issued a pamphlet describing her luxurious life, and holding her up to odium as a conspirator. He signed himself "Man of letters, officious" (this is surely a case for translating *officieux* officious), "defender of the brave sans-culottes of Louveciennes, friend of Franklin and Marat,* factious (*factieux*) and anarchist of the first water, and disorganizer of despotism for twenty years in both hemispheres." Madame du Barry, who had already dismissed one treacherous servant, now dismissed Zamore also. In September Grieve secured a fresh warrant against her, and singularly enough rode part of the way to Paris in the hackney carriage with her. What passed between them is a mystery. Was he enamored of her, and repelled with horror, or did he offer life and liberty if she disgorge? In any case it is strange that Madame du Barry, whose last lover but one had been an Englishman — Henry Seymour, nephew of the Duke of Somerset, the Sunday-evening dancing in whose park at Prunay was remembered by old women still living in 1870 — should have been hunted to death by another Englishman. The inhabitants

again petitioned for her liberation, but this time in vain. Grieve superintended the search for jewels concealed in dung-heaps, and got up the case against her. His manuscripts, still preserved at the national archives, are in irreproachable French. Not merely did he collect evidence, but he was himself a witness, and had it not been for his relentless persecution it seems likely that she would have been left unmolested.

Grieve was to have dined with Marat the very day of his assassination, and he unwarrantably denounced the Jacobin expriest Roux as Charlotte Corday's accomplice, on the ground of having met him at Marat's house and seen him "look furious;" but this denunciation had no effect. He is said, however, to have boasted that he had brought seventeen persons to the guillotine. If the vaunt was true, it can only be hoped that his reason was temporarily impaired. Five months after Robespierre's fall he was arrested at Amiens and taken to Versailles, where twenty-two depositions were given against him, but on unknown grounds the prosecution was stopped. In 1796 he was back in America, where he published a translation of the Marquis de Châtellux's "Travels," unaware perhaps that John Kent, likewise an eyewitness of and pamphleteer on the Revolution, had brought out a translation in London nine years earlier. He eventually settled in Brussels, and died there in 1809. His tool and confederate Zamore, also arrested after Robespierre's fall, but said to have been released on Grieve's representations, lived, morose, miserable, and a villifier of his benefactress, till 1820.

We now come to Thomas Paine — the original spelling seems to have been Pain, and the French orthography was Payne — who had twice visited Paris prior to the Revolution, but whose previous career need not be related. He paid a third visit in 1790, and a fourth in 1791, when four Frenchmen joined him in constituting themselves a Republican Society. On the king's flight to Varennes, Paine drew up a republican manifesto, which Duchatelet translated, signed, and placarded on the doors of the Assembly. Still clinging to royalty, that body was much scandalized, and threatened a prosecution. Paine likewise challenged Sieyès to a written controversy on republicanism. He returned to London in company with Lord Daer, son of the Earl of Selkirk, a young Scotchman enraptured with the Revolution, destined to die of consumption at Madeira, and with Etienne Dumont, Mi-

* Marat perhaps made his acquaintance at Newcastle, or while teaching French at Edinburgh in 1772.

rabreau's secretary. The latter was thoroughly disgusted by Paine's claiming the chief credit for American independence, and by his avowed desire to burn every book in existence and start society afresh with his "Rights of Man."

Almost the last act of the Constituent Assembly was to confer French citizenship on eighteen foreigners, that they might help to "settle the destinies of France, and perhaps of mankind." Paine was elected by Girondin influence in four departments, one of them styling him "Penne," and as Priestley wisely declined to sit, he and Clootz were the only foreigners in the Convention. Madame Roland, repelled doubtless by his vulgarity, regretted that her friends had not nominated David Williams in his stead. To avoid being mobbed, Paine had to make a detour by Sandwich and Deal to Dover, where the custom-house is said to have rummaged all his effects, and even opened his letters; but at Calais he was greeted with military honors, cheered by the crowd, and harangued by the mayor. Paine, unable even to the last to open his mouth in French, could reply only by putting his hand to his heart. His portrait found its way even into village inns, and an English lady archly wrote home:—

At the very moment you are sentencing him to instalmint in the pillory we may be awarding him a triumph. Perhaps we are both right. He deserves the pillory from you for having endeavored to destroy a good constitution; and the French may with equal reason grant him a triumph, as their constitution is likely to be so bad that even Mr. Thomas Paine's writings may make it better.*

Major Monro, with more seriousness and severity, exclaimed in a despatch to the English Foreign Office, "What must a nation come to that has so little discernment in the election of their representatives as to elect such a fellow?" Safe out of reach, Paine sent a defiant letter to the English government, thanking them for extending the popularity of his book by prosecuting it, and sneering at "Mr. Guelph and his debauchee sons" as "incapable of governing a nation." When this letter was read at the trial, Erskine, reproaching its tone, could only suggest that it might be a forgery, and urge that in any case it was irrelevant.

When the king's trial came on, Paine voted for his detention during the war, to be followed by banishment. His reasons,

a French translation of which was read by Bancal while he stood mute at the tribune, evinced humanity and sagacity. He contrasted the success of the English 1688 with the failure of 1649, excused Louis as the victim of bad training, and warned France of the impolicy of losing her sole ally, America, where universal grief would be caused by the death of a king regarded as its best friend. In a sentence which goes far to redeem Paine's errors he said:—

I know that the public mind in France has been heated and irritated by the dangers to which the country has been exposed; but if we look beyond, to the time when these dangers and the irritation produced by them shall have been forgotten, we shall see that what now appears to us an act of justice will then appear only an act of vengeance.

Marat twice interrupted, first alleging that Paine was a Quaker, and as an objector to capital punishment disentitled to vote, and then pretending that his speech had been mistranslated.

On the fall of the Girondins, Paine discontinued attending the Convention, quietly awaited the impending arrest, and amused himself in the garden and poultry-yard of his house with marbles, battledore, and hopscotch. On Christmas day, 1793, he was expelled from the Convention as a foreigner, and on New Year's eve was arrested simultaneously with Clootz. An American deputation vainly pleaded for his release, and on his asking for the good offices of the Cordeliers Club, its only reply was to send him a copy of his speech against the king's execution. Gouverneur Morris, the American ambassador, advised him as the safest course to remain quiet, and Paine appears to have acted on the advice. Morris, however, was mistaken in thinking that he would then have nothing to fear. Not that there is any truth in Carlyle's story of Paine's cell door flying open, of the turnkey making the fatal chalk-mark on the inside, of the door swinging back with the mark inside, and of another turnkey omitting Paine in the batch of victims; even at the height of the Terror men were not executed without trial, nor without an indictment having been drawn up by Fouquier Tinville and served upon them at least over-night. Not one of these preliminaries had been accomplished in Paine's case. Carlyle, contrary to his practice, cites no authority for the story, but a variation of it appeared in the newspapers in 1823, in a biography of Sampson Perry, likewise a prisoner at the Luxembourg, who may have been accus-

* Residence in France, 1792-5. Edited by John Gifford.

tomed to tell this traveller's tale. Numbers of survivors of the Terror pretended indeed to have been ordered for execution and saved by Robespierre's fall; whereas the tribunal took a holiday on *décadi*, the Jacobin Sabbath, and of the fifteen cases prepared for trial on the 11th Thermidor there was not one of any note. Paine's death-warrant was really signed, but it consisted in this memorandum, found in Robespierre's note-book: "Demander que Thomas Payne soit décrété d'accusation, pour les intérêts de l'Amérique autant que de la France."

This animosity can be explained. When Marat was prosecuted in April, 1793, Paine gave information to the Jacobin Club that, addressing him once in English in the lobby of the Convention, Marat expressed his desire for a dictatorship, and though the letter was prudently suppressed Robespierre was probably cognizant of it. In May, 1793, moreover, Paine wrote a letter to Danton (found among Danton's papers and still preserved), advocating the removal of the Convention from Paris, in order that provincial deputies might be free from mob insults.

Paine was released in November, 1794, and Gouverneur Morris gave him hospitality for some months, though his dirty and drunken habits necessitated his exclusion from the family table. On December 8, the Convention rescinded his expulsion, and ordered payment of the arrears of Parliamentary stipend; but he did not resume his seat till the following July, when he pleaded a malignant fever contracted in prison as his excuse. On his journalistic and pamphleteering activity, his refusal of one of the proposed rewards to literary men, his subscription of five hundred francs towards the invasion of England, which Bonaparte intended him to accompany, and his return to America in 1802, it is needless to dwell.

We have not spoken of the dozen Englishmen consigned to the guillotine, for though some, like General Arthur Dillon, were born in this country, they had become to all intents and purposes French; nor need we speak of the members of the British Club at Paris in 1792, which was soon broken up by internal dissensions. Beyond temporarily misleading the Convention as to public feeling across the Channel, they were merely eyewitnesses of the Revolution, not actors in it. It may seem strange that so many British subjects, or at least those in no danger of molestation at home, should have remained in France during the Terror, but it

is easy to be wise after the event. The Revolution was like a day in early spring. It commences with brilliant sunshine, light showers then pass over, black clouds next begin to collect, but there are still occasional gleams of sunshine; presently the hail pelts, the wind howls, there is a rumbling of distant thunder, but there seems still a chance that the sky will clear, till at last the clouds lower, the horizon narrows, the thunder peals, the lightning flashes, the rain falls in sheets, and the day ends in blackness and darkness and tempest. The capture of the Bastille was the brilliant dawn, arousing an enthusiasm in which even the English ambassador, the Duke of Dorset, shared. Before the first anniversary arrived, clouds had chequered the sky, but till the September massacres hope predominated; even after Louis XVI.'s execution it appeared still probable that the Revolution would be appeased by the blood of its foes; and there were alternations of hope and fear till the Terror commenced:—

France has shown a light to all men, preached a gospel, all men's good;
Celtic Demos rose a demon, shrieked, and slaked the light with blood.

We see all along what the end was to be, but these English enthusiasts were literally ignorant of the morrow, and did not easily renounce their illusions. Not till they were fairly in the toils did they recognize the gravity of their position. Flight, moreover, became increasingly difficult. Passports were refused or granted grudgingly; to depart without them was perilous in the extreme, and even with them there was constant liability to detention as French aristocrats in disguise. After the occupation of Toulon by the English, all British subjects were actual prisoners of war; and although about February, 1795, there was a general liberation, Lord Malmesbury in 1796 found countrymen in Paris anxious, but still unable, to return home. It is easy to say they should never have gone to Paris during the Revolution or should have left before the Terror commenced, but how natural was it that those whose sympathy had drawn them thither, like numbers who watched the Revolution from this side the Channel, should hope and believe that every atrocity was the last, and that these excesses were the inevitable transition to the triumph of liberty! The wonder indeed is not that they remained till it was too late to flee, but that they suffered nothing beyond imprisonment, coupled, however, with con-

stant apprehension of another fearful gaol delivery like that of September, 1792. It must be presumed that many of them altered their opinion of their own country's stability and institutions, and learned to prefer even an unreformed Parliament to the French Convention. They cannot at any rate have failed to contrast the Revolutionary tribunal with a British jury, and the guillotine with the heaviest English penalties for sedition.

From The English Illustrated Magazine.
A VISIT IN A DUTCH COUNTRY HOUSE.

PART II.

ONE morning the Baron and Baroness P—— came up from the Hague, to spend the day at Lindenroede. Hugo took us for a long drive after *déjeuner* through the thick woods and bright villas round Bloemendaal village; and by handsome, finely wooded demesnes with long grassy drives cut through the trees, stretching straight from the highroad to the house-fronts, seen in narrowing perspective. We passed our cousin W. C——'s large place, with its deer-park and noble old beech avenues than which I know few finer. And lastly we visited the famous old ruined castle belonging to the Counts of Brederode, and so often besieged. It is of mellowed red brick, as stone could only be had imported in this low country, and is still surrounded by a broad moat. After seeing Chepstow lately, Brederode was small to my eyes, but on climbing to the tower's flat roof, its especial charm was manifest. How one could recall the past! Beyond the dark moat washing the old walls, unbroken green pastures dotted with cattle stretched away for some miles around to Haarlem and its cathedral. Nearer, on the seaside, rose steep and sharp, if low, the white sand-hills, topped with turf, in all sorts of jagged, fantastic outline like miniature Alps. Exactly the same these meadows must have looked "long time ago," when the hunt rode out in the morning from the courtyard; or a jousting-match was held down below on the sward in the afternoon. After dinner here, the dames and squires came out "to play" in the meadow, as told in old romances, whilst the heavy old lords snored or caroused, and many a countess trailing her skirts along these castle walls must have wearied of her life and of the low, rich, but monotonous pastures lying there below her eyes.

Another morning Jacqueline and I went to the Hague, which looked especially bright and cheery that sunny day. In the afternoon we took an open carriage and drove down to Scheveningen, through the wood, by the charming road that is always a flicker of light and shade. On the beach the wide sands were terribly windy; the great hotels closing for the winter; the many summer visitors fled. Still, we liked seeing the fishwives with their great flapping hats, the sea strangely streaked green and grey; and one picturesque little sight I remembered of a red wagon piled heavily with brown nets, and drawn by three long tailed brisk horses abreast, clattering and straining sideways over the sloping paved causeway laid down on the shifting sands. This was a most pleasurable day. And on others equally delightful, we went to Amsterdam. Once with Hugo and the Princess, when we saw everything I remembered of old, and more—the wide canals full of craft, and the still broader and more busy Amstel; the dark-red houses painted almost chocolate, with white corniced wreaths round the windows giving them a comical funereal air, in spite of the noise and bustle generally below them; the Jews' quarter, where quick eyes will see the bit of hollow wood nailed to every doorpost containing the law written on a tiny scrap of parchment; the delightful Kalverstraat where we bought old silver and stared at far more, regardless of a tremendous shower. Then the Treppenhuis pictures; Vandyck's burghers, more kingly than kings; and the Weenixes, when I could hardly believe that I cared to stand and gaze, and then again come back and stare at dead hares—but I did! And beyond all, the Rembrandts, and dearest of these the noble old lady—a work of love—with the down of age on her chin, but such eternal beauty of soul shining through her wrinkled face that one *knows* she must have loved and suffered, laughed and wept, and lived as a true and good woman till she was painted there at eighty. Then to the Broecker-huis, a mediæval little house transported piecemeal from Broek, ("cleanest village in the world," *vide* Murray), and set up here by the good Amsterdam corporation, all fitted with old furniture, and shown by a costumed young *vrouw*, to show this generation exactly how the "old people" lived; a most interesting sight. Later—to be brief—what a good *table d'hôte* we enjoyed at the Amstel Hotel; and how my friends detected one guest to be English, because

"he came to dinner in knickerbockers and rough clothes although ladies were present," while a pair of my countrymen, better dressed, were highly approved. Another morning we ladies started off so early that all the housemaids in Haarlem, wearing their regulation lilac prints, clear muslin caps with a thick frill all round (some with a Friesland silver skull-cap, shining under lace), were busy syringing the windows with the brass household pumps for that purpose I have never seen with us; more's the pity! We went off for a "good day's shopping," and hiring a "monkey," a small open carriage, with a coachman wearing a glazed white hat and black cockade, we drove around to our heart's content. N.B. — The shops have a horribly close, damp smell; but the memory of a good lunch at the Café Riche abides with me yet.

One morning I was awakened by the sound of many voices singing outside. "It was the soldiers passing. The regiment in garrison marching out towards Leyden," explained Hugo later. "They always sing most of the way." We went to Haarlem that day, as on many others, when I saw all its sights and ways. The great Frans Hals pictures, the museums of antiquities, the dogs harnessed *under* the handcars piled with washing or vegetables (a law forbids their pulling in front); the weekly market where all manner of things from old clothes to kettles are laid round the cathedral walls; and the *zuurkraams* (sour booths). These latter are the cleanest of little green booths, where hard-boiled eggs piled in a net, or five onions in vinegar are laid ready on tiny white plates, or gherkins and such pickled "sourness" can be bought for a penny apiece by workmen or market folk. There is also a little parlor end of the booth, screened by snowy blinds, where these delicacies may be more largely indulged in. I saw no gin palaces nor publics of our lower, common kind; but *cafés*, of course, with seats out of doors and inside; furthermore, some knocked over, sanctimoniously white-blinded houses as if a corpse lay indoors; these are the best wine or spirit shops. Again, there was the cathedral, much restored and improved lately, and the famous organ. I was curious to try if my memories thereof were exaggerated; but no! such an ocean of sweet sounds, so grand, so deep, such music worthy of heaven, in my poor judgment I had not heard since. Coming home about four o'clock — that day the soldiers had passed Lindenroede — we met them re-

turning in a tired, dusty crowd, still trying hoarsely to sing, and two in the rear supporting each other. (I wonder that tipsy men are not constantly drowned in the deep, open ditches by the roadsides here, but "there is a Providence" — as Jacqueline quotes.) This infantry uniform, blue, with yellow worsted facings and tassels, hairy knapsacks, and pointed caps, like those of our convicts, is very ugly. Other men in Holland never struck me as being small, but these ill-grown soldiers in badly fitting garments did not raise my enthusiasm. The hussars, however, looked smart. Their song, said Hugo, was probably the following one, which is doggerl nonsense, but a favorite: —

Fight, brothers, for the last time,
For we go to the camp at Zeist;
No more money in our pockets,
No more buttons on our breeches,
So it won't be for very long.

The corporation's members
Are not so much to blame;
For now regarding doggies
They've gone and taxed the same.
Oh, miss, take care of your doggie,
Take care of your little dog!

I interested myself to know the songs of the people, and was told that each year at the first great *kermis* (or fair) some ditty with a catching air becomes popular, and is immediately the song of the season, sung at every other kermis by peasants, soldiers, and townsfolk. A merry little one is, —

John, buy me a fairing!
Maiden, no money have I!
The gold has run out of my pockets,
Why should I then a fairing buy?

I was disappointed in finding no better *volks-lieder*, while in cultured poetry they have odes and epics in plenty, I was told, but few songs that are sung.*

Hugo and his daughter are director and

* I give two more little songs that are old favorites of the people. The first begins as if mimicking a drum's tattoo.

"Robbè-de-be dop!
And my gold is gone!
I lost it at the Swan [inn].
The man's name was Jan,
And his wife's Suzanne,
And the daughter, little
Adrianne."

"Lot is dead! Lot is dead!
Eliza's dying fast.
That is right! that is right!
Then I'm their heir at last."

"I'm not dead yet, I'm not dead yet!
Called out the old, old witch,
She looked around, she looked around,
And raised the bottle to her lips."

directrice of a small almshouse (*Hofje*) for servants of the C—— family, which they showed me with interested pride. It stands picturesquely in the Haarlem Wood, and was built in 1636 by William van Heythusen, a Haarlem benefactor, passing by marriage to the C——'s. His portrait by Frans Hals hung till lately in the little "regent-room" of the almshouse, but was sold, after a family council, to the Brussels museum for eight thousand florins, and the proceeds support another old woman here in comfort. The pleasure of the crones in seeing their beloved director and directrice was delightful. Each had the most exquisitely tidy of carpeted rooms, with a curtained box bed, in which hung a pretty rope and handle, to "pull themselves up by." Each also receives every week a florin and some beef, butter, and turf. I could enlarge on the exquisite tidiness and the prettiness of other homes of the poor I saw in Holland, but space fails. On the whole, in this small and prosperous land, everybody seems comfortable. The equal division of property between sons and daughters brings about, doubtless, the many often very early marriages. The eldest son keeps the family home, and if impoverished by giving an equivalent to his brothers and sisters, "Why, then *he marries a rich wife!*" The many here must not suffer for the eldest; and though the result is, that there are few great fortunes as with us, neither is there such excessive poverty. The land is full of smiling villas; there is no "keeping-up of appearances." And Dutch ladies are encouraged to spend more on their dress by fathers and husbands than their English sisters, while pleasant trips seem matters of course. Certainly, servants' wages and house-rent are much cheaper than with us.

I had been promised that my wish to see a dairy farm should be gratified. Accordingly we started early next morning to visit one some miles off, taking its friendly owner, Baron van H——, by surprise. Off we sallied, walking to Heemstede village, past the Thirsty-Hole public-house, with its closed door and muslin-curtained windows looking as respectable as its neighbors, even more decorous, though within are strange bottles labelled with such names dear to the peasantry as *Parfait Amour*, and others too coarse for ears polite. We sat down at the Heemstede turnpike to await the steam-tram which runs along the country roads from Haarlem to Leyden. Our yellow painted bench was perfectly clean,

but out ran an anxious girl with sponge and duster, apologizing to *mynheer*. Taking our seats in one of the two comfortable large carriages, away puffed an engine, brushing so closely past hedges that the branches often whipped the windows; through hamlets all green-shuttered, muslin-curtained, white-blinded, passing so near the doors it was a marvel none of the many small children shuffling about in their sabots were not run over. (Decidedly, these universal snowy muslin curtains and the scollop-edged blinds drawn jealously down, with the curved blue wire screens before all windows alike, in town or village, will always remain in my memories of Holland.) We had glimpses of old country houses, white-painted, green-shuttered, standing among trees with only a lawn and some sluggish brown water between them and the road. Through thick coppices, woods, out again into true Dutch pastures stretching away level to the (drained) Lake of Haarlem, dimly indicated by lines of poplars; next come market-gardens that supply Haarlem and Amsterdam with vegetables, and the peasants with the winter flowers the poorest cherish in their houses. Their fancy changes — this year it was all for small pink spireas, I believe, and hundreds of these were being grown, to be sold for two or three pence each. Then came peat-fields stocked with turf, and under the lee of some wood where lay a brown canal, or at a village bridge, great boats were piled with the fuel. (I love seeing a big brown sail gliding through the meadows at a distance, where no water seems to be!) There were sandy fields full of gladioli, almost past their bloom, and of "red-hot-pokers" (readers will kindly excuse the familiar name, considering that most of us know the plant by no better). We stopped at larger villages with slated-spired churches, and clipped trees all a-row before the houses, while a *trekschuit* was often waiting, too, for passengers on the canal close by. This kind of barge contains a big cabin, and inside this, or on the roof, the peasants journey comfortably, if slowly, with their baskets, for long distances where roads or conveyances do not suit.

The steam-tram stopped after an hour and a half opposite an entrance gate with pillars, on which, as is usual in Holland, was the name of the demesne — '*T Huis Terlyden*. We walked up the sandy drive curving through thick trees, and just at the house met Baron van H—— himself. Eager greetings followed. He led us into

the study and called his wife with vivacious cheerfulness. "Of course he would show me the farm, and his onion (*bulb*) fields and everything." The children were brought in to be admired by their neighbors and relations; and naturally all but the youngest infant could speak French, and would soon learn English. One four-year-old lovely cherub, Schelto, was coaxed on his father's knee to recite some baby poetry learnt as a greeting for his grandmother's birthday. This, beginning in a murmur, listened to with deep interest, ended in a triumphant shout amid loud applause. Children seem to me to be more "brought forward" than in England, and certainly the *grown up* ones recall their own petting with much glee, and declare the system endears family relationships.

"There is a Scotch name just the same as that of my boy, Schelto, I have been told?" said the baron inquiringly. But as "Sch" is pronounced in Dutch something between a rasping choke and a cough — first, Sh, and then a horrible sound as if a fishbone had stuck in one's throat (Oh, the torture of trying to pronounce Scheveningen rightly!), I was puzzled a little before suggesting Sholto. "That is it — all right! It is a Friesland name, and Friese and Scotch have many words all the same." "Why, of course. I will tell you a common rhyme we have," put in Hugo —

*Bread, butter, and cheese,
Is good English, and good Friese.*

"And your Dutch *Kom binnen* (Come in), always reminds me of the 'Come ben' of a Scotch peasant wife," I added, in contribution to our philological efforts, further discerning that the house stood by the *beek* of Leyden, answering to our beck, save that it is a sluggish stream indeed; while the Friesland terms *binnen* and *buiten* for inside and outside the house, might be the "but and ben" of Scottish inner and outer rooms.

But there was no time to lose, unless we wished to lose the returning train. The baron hurried us outside to the courtyard and began to act guide and interpreter with most infectious gaiety but explicitness. Here was an ivied building, with dormer windows, and cooing pigeons on the thatched roof, which roof covered the cow-house, dairy, and dwelling-house of the dairyman and his wife. A row of sabots stood significantly *outside* the good wife's door. We entered a fresh-scoured passage, with a neat carpet-strip down it,

and found the dairywoman herself in a cool paved kitchen where the principal object was a big pump. She wore a lace cap with lappets, as usual, pinned up, and spirally twisted gold pins, while her spouse, coming down a ladder from the garret, was clad in wide blue serge trousers and white shirt, and was in his stockinged feet — as a man should be in such a spick-and-span home. They showed us their nicely carpeted parlor; it was also a bedroom, though all signs thereof were neatly hidden behind the wooden doors, like cupboards sunk in the wall. Up three steps to a beautifully kept Sunday parlor then, with red carpet-strips, muslin curtains, and a fine box bed "for guests" (who never come!). Down below the kitchen by a step-ladder we dived into a large twilight dairy, smelling deliciously fresh, and furnished with long tables of fresh cheeses, butter, and pans of milk. "This man and his wife make four cheeses a day; two in the morning, two in the evening," commented our host. Now to the cow-house just across the kitchen passage, "So that the man and wife can hear any disturbance among the animals." A long room met our view, with a red-tiled glistening passage down the middle, where well scoured boards on trestles were set laden with cheeses. "I will count these," exclaimed the Princess eagerly. On either side were piled snowy cheese-presses, with brass cheese-scoops, sniffers, candlesticks, and in fact all the brass bravery of the house laid out so to *look pretty*, as an every-day matter. To right and left in winter, the horned heads of fifty-eight black and white cows would be seen. "Now we must come by the walls and see how the cows stand," said Hugo. "Yes, yes," cried the baron, "you all would naturally walk along the middle here, and see the cows' heads only. But in winter the peasants come in often to admire the cows, and as from the after part of these animals — (eh, what, Hugo, isn't that what they call it in English? Why do you laugh?) the behind is the best way to view — I find them standing here with their mouths open, saying, '*Hé! heel mooë!*' (how fine), what a beautiful cow that one is!" The cows have slightly-raised platforms of stone, only half covered with wood to ease their hind feet. Under the fore feet is sand, most carefully marked now, it being summer season, in ornamental patterns, although there was no one to see it, as we might say, not recognizing easily a love of artistic effect for its own sake in a simple peasant dairy-

farmer and his wife. (The dairy farm is no show one, and Baron van H. does not concern himself therewith, having let it to these good souls.) A cord was stretched along the cow-house above the "after part" of the cows, to which all the fifty-eight tails are tied up in winter, lest they should dirty their owners. "And are the cows washed?" I ask, with vague memories of Murray. "If they are very dirty, certainly; and when they come in for winter and go out in spring." My attention was specially drawn to the deep runnels, whence the cows' manure is removed several times a day, "for we consider that *most* valuable, especially for the bulbs!" I was impressively told. The great kitchen pump is brought into play, too, and lukewarm water from the boiler constantly sluiced down the cow-house. "One hundred and thirty-six cheeses," announced Princess Cornelia, returning at this juncture. But as she had forgotten to count all those in the dairy her statistics were unkindly declared wanting.

Across the brick-paved courtyard next to the "summer dairy where they sit," said the baron; but whether cheeses or farmer's folk I doubted, however concluded both, seeing tables and chairs, and a low wooden platform usual here over cold tiled floors. Here were the presses and vats for cheese-making. But knowing more about butter, I went into the next room to study the churn and dipper, finding they use the whole milk here, not the cream in Devonshire fashion. A cheap butter is made from the particles left on the surface of the whey-vats after the cheese is made. The remainder is given to the pigs. These were in a house near, but having no open yard smelt too horribly for some of us to dare to inspect them, in spite of being taken by our laughing host for cockneys.

At the end of the farmyard lay, conveniently, the brown slow water of the Leyden picturesquely shadowed by trees. Flat big boats were moored under their branches; on the level bank a woman was washing at a landing-step. Across the stream, and away in dim distances of green shading to hazy blues lay the low quiet meadows that seem ideal pasture-grounds—as such alone! Fat and green diversified by wood, and still waters that know no babbling hurry, but brood where the cattle feed; with no hills to mount and see what lies beyond suggesting change; hardly a sight to cause the mind to stray, save distant spires pointing heavenwards. A still, sleepy landscape, where rest and

comfort creep over one's mind, and one could forget the world's whirl gladly—for a while.

A bridge was laid over the stream near the farmyard. Here was a little round arbor, where the old baron, our host's grandfather, used to sit at tea on summer evenings and watch with pride his lowing kine being driven in from the far meadows and milked just across the stream, where he had them in full view. It would make a quaint little sketch, the old-fashioned gentleman taking his ease with a dignified Dutch lady of that time presiding over the peat-bucket and kettle, and carefully handling the blue china teacups. Around them shadowing trees with the brown Leyden's flow beneath; across the water a herd of cattle in the foreground of the plain, bathed in the golden radiance of such sunsets as Cuyp knew.

After seeing the pleasure-ground and admiring a pair of noble goats lying in the grass that are driven by the eldest boy and girl, (the goat-carriages full of small children being a pretty sight here), we paid a rapid visit to the bulb-house. Monsieur van H— takes the greatest interest in bulb-growing, which he does in his sandy fields to the same extent as many other gentlemen at home try farming on a small scale. The bulb-house was full of tiers of wooden trays, rising in a framework to the ceiling, and spread with bulbs. More, of all kinds, filled hampers standing ready to be carried to the fields, where, by good luck, work was now going on. But first, even with the warning calls of Hugo in our ears, who was leader and brains-carrier of the party—the baron hurried me in to see his pleasant dining-room. "Here! here is something quite characteristic you *must* see!" It was a handsome massive walnut *armoire*, which when unlocked displayed piles of fine damask, laid on shelves edged with lace stamped paper. "That is the correct old fashion," he explained, then we both hastened outside to appease our best of time-keepers. "It must be a lovely sight when all your flowers are in blow," I said, as we went through sandy walks under the trees and out into a meadow. "Yes, but unhappily, it is often such cold weather. The rain comes, and so!—they look wretched; it is a pity."

The bulb-grounds were surrounded and intersected into square plots by hedges of saplings. The soil was almost pure sand, which, when plentifully manured, produces such fine hyacinths and tulips as can be grown nowhere else. "The men are pre-

cisely planting hyacinths. *Hé*: now you shall see just how they do it," said our host. A long bed was hollowed in the sand about two inches deep, and on either side knelt a man drawing lines carefully with a forefinger and thickly laying in small bulbs. This is by no means at hazard, for so many go to a row and bags of differently sorted sizes lay at hand. Seven bulbs in a row signify these are salable. When eight little plants raise their green noses above ground it means that line must be undisturbed for the year. None are sold till after three years' growth. As this bed was being planted the next was hollowed out, so that its layer of sand re-covered this one; so on with the most methodical preciseness. "It is beautiful for me to see these flowers," said Monsieur van H—; "first crocuses, then hyacinths, tulips, anemones, lilies—always a succession! And I hope to make money by them, too." "But do you not send the cut flowers to the London market, or elsewhere? Surely they would sell well," I suggested. "Too well," he said, laughing. "We used to send them, and they arrived quite fresh in Covent Garden. Then we found when the English could buy flowers, they would not buy *bulbs*—which last pay us much better. It was the same thing with our peasants. So now we say, 'No; buy our bulbs if you want flowers.'" (I had heard the same account before.) He took up a bulb to show me the system of dividing them. "See here! I cut this in three parts almost—only leave them hanging together—then you get twenty-five young ones. But there is another way." He scooped out the flower-core of another bulb neatly with his pocket-knife, leaving a cup-shaped hollow. "There! *That* (the cup) *will make fifty little ones*, and this flower-heart still another, but that will be weak."

Having now seen all, and time flying, we regained the highroad that skirted the fields. Here, while the steam-tram came in sight and farewells with friendly gossip were interchanged between my companions and their neighbor, he bade me a hearty good-bye, saying, "Now, I have tried to show you all I could, only *do not* write down my atrocious English and laugh at it." Which I hope I have not done; the said "atrocious" English being, however, infinitely better than most, alas, of *our* insular French of "Stratford-atte-Bowe," his courteous politeness that which belongs to no nation, but all his own.

Going home I noticed more women than

usual wearing the curious square silver frontlets on their foreheads they affect here. It will be a great pity should the costumes die out. Nevertheless, it is very comical to see the effect of a straw bonnet with brown ribbons and tawdry flowers, perched on the top of a gold skull-cap and lace lappets; or adorned by the thin forehead band and the tufts of horsehair or wool on each side of the cheeks that mimic the real hair, either tucked away invisibly or cropped. Yet this is a most usual sight.

When my last Sunday came, the boding news that a preacher was expected who only drew breath and drank his usual glass of water after an hour and a half of sermon, led me to prefer my English prayer-book and pleasant room for the morning. What glorious weather! Quite warm again; and a true St. Martin's summer. It was now nearly October, and the trees were as green and leafy still as in July. Hearing a murmur of laughing voices outside my window, I looked out, and saw the coachman in his white linen stable-jacket gathering beech-nuts busily with his children under the fine old trees. They were opening them and preparing the kernels carefully for their dessert. Rich and poor eat beech mast with relish here; at home I have only seen country children take the trouble to pick this. The other day the coachman's young step-daughter, of about thirteen, made an unconscious illustration of the ways of her country and sex. She was sitting on a chair near the coachhouse door mending a heavy serge petticoat, with a most demure air, her sleek, fair hair divided in two plaits shining in the autumn cool sunlight, a string of coral beads round her neck (as is very usual), and her feet raised on an empty little wooden "stove," to keep them off the damp, sandy soil.

In the afternoon we had quite a gathering of visitors on the terrace. And as all were bound for "the wood" like ourselves, we walked there together, a large party. The Haarlem Wood is one of the chief charms of the bright, quaint, old-world town, which at moments reminds me of a quiet cathedral city with us. There are pretty open peeps here and there down its sandy, often solitary paths. Some of the trees are very fine, notably the dark avenue called the Spaniards' Lane, where the latter camped during the memorable siege, and hanged their prisoners on these trees, whose creaking branches in the winter winds are still said to bear the groaning ghosts of the dead burghers.

Deeper in the wood with the trunks like slim pillars round us, a carpet of russet leaves thick under foot, and green leaves more thick overhead, we came on a pretty group of neighbors' infants, and of course there was a stoppage to play with and caress them.

Then on to the open space where the band was playing; and the club-lawn crowded. Further on, outside the humbler cafés, shop-keeping and peasant groups seemed enjoying themselves equally round their tables. Their drinking-glasses contained mostly custards, milk, or a stronger liquid of gin in which black currants had been steeped. We passed by the carriages of country neighbors, and went to drink four-o'clock tea with some friends close by. Sitting in the verandah afterwards, as the band ceased we watched the crowd of townspeople stream quietly homeward for a five-o'clock meal. They take their pleasure heartily but decorously as if *used* to it. We discussed the Sunday's amusement question, and all were for the opening of museums and picture-galleries to the people in England and shuddered at the memories of Sundays in London. Still, even with the pleasantly animated little scene before us and the dispersing throng, we were not unanimous as to having music — because "the bandmen were not resting." I met several evangelistic-minded people here, who take much interest in the religious movements in England. Some inquired about the Salvation Army — but with no wish for a nearer knowledge thereof.

Much as I liked driving through the storm-tossed sea of little sandhills of the downs, or the thick woods and gay villas of Bloemendaal, our last drive was on the opposite side of Haarlem. "We must take you along the Spaarndam, for that is now something truly Dutch," said Hugo. "Yes; certainly! No strangers go there, and even few people from Haarlem, but it is so pretty," echoed Jacqueline. And afterwards I thoroughly agreed in their choice, though experience had already ingrained my conviction that no other two people in the world had happier notions of their guests' likings, or pleasanter ways of fulfilling them. We started in the landau next afternoon therefore, passing through the Haarlem outskirts, on what was once the famous moated rampart, now a shady drive with water on either side. Next we came out by the Spaarn, and drove for a mile or two along the water's edge. The Spaarn is really a river. Flat though its banks be, itself is broad, dark-

blue, and that day all ruffled with the breeze, in which seamews were fluttering and bobbing joyously up and down, "Why are they so far inland? there will be a storm!" cried the Princess. At which I inwardly quaked, thinking of my return by Flushing; but for once our weather prophetess was wrong. There were men fishing along the edge, almost hidden by the tall, waving grass with its heavy flower-spikes. And two little pictures stand out again in my memory, as seen on the opposite bank. One, a windmill all freshly painted in black, with white stripes lengthwise down it, and a broad red band on the base, while the saw-yard thereto attached had its little buildings made of brown varnished planks and tiled roofs, the whole, with the broad sails turning against the cloudless background of the sky, being as bright a combination of color as one would wish. And next a brown, farmhouse, thatched and shaded, with its comfortable stacks and out-houses crowding round it like chickens round their mother, all picturesquely seeming almost sliding into the broad river which washed their walls. We crossed by a bridge at Spaarndam village, where the little Telescope inn was familiarly recognized. In properly frosty winters when all the Haarlem world turns out on the ice, my companions had skated up here on the Spaarn since their childhood; and stopped here, as is the custom, to rest before returning, and drink aniseed, or *boeren-jongens* (boer-boys), *i.e.*, raisin brandy, presumably made as is cherry brandy.

Near Spaarndam, new forts are being busily built. Great mud-boats were being poled along, and their sandy contents, after dredging the river's bed, went to defend its banks. The navvies at work stopped to stare at the carriage. "They are the wildest men in the country!" remarked Jacqueline. Their looks certainly bore out this impeachment, but the vivid coloring of their crimson cotton shirts and blue trousers excused their evil ways in my eyes much. Then, too, they had built themselves some delightful huts — to look at! These were sloping wigwams, thatched to the ground with sheaves of the tall river grass, that waved its plumes around the cabins. Funny little chimneys poked themselves up, while small windows were set in anyhow. Our road went along a raised dyke, which overlooked part of the drained Y on one hand, and fat fen-farms on the other. This was characteristic, but uninteresting, till we soon again came in view of the one land-

mark one seldom fails to see — the cathedral, rising like a large lumpish mass over the roof of its charge, the town. We entered Haarlem again by the Amsterdam gate, the only one of the old gates remaining. More's the pity! as with its mellowed red-brick square tower and porticullised archway, its round side turrets pointing upwards with a still-defiant air, it is one of the Haarlem sights I like best. We drove back through old narrow streets, whose gabled brick houses are all "corbie-stepped" in white stone to the "crow-stone" atop. Here again flows the Spaarn, with its clipped trees on either side, the sunlit water — now thick and brown — having caught beautifully red reflections from the tiled roofs. River craft, often painted green and red striped, were being laden and unladen in a busy scene, giving a quaint air of being a port to this inland town. This confusion of ideas is the charm to me of Holland's water-ways, apart from their usefulness and picturesque effect.

We had a merry party at dinner that night. We always had; but with the bride elect and bridegroom, and the bustle of seeing the many presents that had arrived, and the Princess's jokes being particularly salt, we were merrier. After all adjourning for coffee and *liqueurs*, some of the warm-blooded ones, who always cried, "*J'étouffe!*" when shivering wretches began only to feel a gentle glow, must needs fly out to the terrace for air. "It is really warm! Why, there is the mist, as in summer. Come out and see." So I was whirled out to behold; and lo! over the Lindenroede meads a ghostly white pall was spread low and thick, above which rose the trees, darkly defiant, while overhead the stars were merry and the young moon bright. The summer warmth generally draws out this night fog, which brings the well-known fever and ague of the Low Countries, the same our troops suffered from so severely in bygone wars. Having had both on a previous visit, this is one of the things in Holland I do *not* like. Back we were called to the cheerful lamplight of the antique room where the tea tray, the peat-bucket, and hissing kettle had quickly succeeded coffee.

And now some fun began in discussing the approaching wedding, and the pros and cons as to a *Sceesd party* (chaise party). This is verily a thorough old Dutch custom, though somewhat in disuse. There had not been one among the clan of neighbors and cousins since

Jacqueline's wedding four years ago; but that had been a great success, the time of year and the guests all suiting. (The latter a prime necessity, as will be seen.) During the betrothal fortnight of wedding festivities, some sprightly neighbor gives the party, and assembles an equal number of young men and maidens early at her house. Ten or twelve little gigs are in waiting on the gravel; some like the peasants' ones, but others — kept as heirlooms in families — of the right old-fashioned kind, the body carved, gilded, and painted with curious scenes, the wheels very high, seat very narrow. The hostess pairs off her party, and woe to the luckless couple who do not like the arrangements; for each driver forthwith seats himself on the left side of his gig, passing his right arm round his fair companion's waist. This is the old rule, and there is no gainsaying it. The hostess packs all the older neighbors into a kind of *char-à-banc* made for such occasions, called a *Fan-plaisir*; it is big enough to hold an army of chaperons, and is covered at top, with open sides, and blinds to roll up or down. These follow the gay procession of little chaises which last file off, with fast-trotting horses, at a spanking pace. All the people in the villages rush out to see them pass, and catch showers of sugar-plums thrown to them in largesse. And at every bridge — which in Holland are many — and at sight of a black sheep, each Jehu is "permitted" to kiss his companion. "Well; but *do they?*" inquired the practical English mind, ruthlessly bent on extracting exactest details, and allowing no slurring. "Ach, yes! of course — we think nothing of that! It does not happen so much during the first part of the day, for then every one is more quiet. And often a cavalier is shy — then it is very stupid. Or else the girl may not like him, and some won't allow it at all." "And where do they drive to?" "Oh, they go to some place about an hour and a half away, where they can have breakfast. At *my* wedding," said Jacqueline, "the chaise party went to Z —, where we had one o'clock breakfast at the hotel, and there was a wood where we lost ourselves till dinner at five. Then we all started back, many of us with different companions, just as we liked — and that was wild, but, oh! *so* wild! Everybody was so gay after dinner, and they drove so furiously, though it was dark; quite at a gallop. The chaises were swinging round the corners as if we would all have been pitched out. I drove with him" — nod-

ding at her husband. "And nobody was shy at the bridges, I can tell you," burst in the Irrepressible, "for though I was far down the line, I could hear them all the way. And I remember who *you* were with, and *you*, and *you*!" But in spite of his chaff, his victims still enjoyed the memory of their last chaise party as a huge joke. "Now the English would be very shocked at that, I suppose," said Jacqueline. "Ach! it is merely that customs are a little different—we think far worse of a lady allowing a gentleman to have her photograph. *That* is quite indiscreet; but in London the shop-windows are full of ladies' likenesses."

"The first of October! The finch season has begun to-day. We will take you over to Uncle van L——'s shootings on the downs, and you shall see the finchery," said Jacqueline. Finch-catching during October and November is a favorite amusement all day long of Dutch sportsmen who have 'finch-houses.'" Jacqueline drove us, therefore, early, through green tree-tunnels, whence sandy copse paths diverged, into the heart of the downs, where the air was fresh and stillness great. Putting up the *coureuse* at one of the picturesque little farms scattered here and there—mostly of bright painted brick, with a broad black stripe along the base and then a white one—we walked through sandy potato clearings and coppice till we came to a level lawn before a wooden hut. A dozen green hutches on stands contained the cages of as many finches, singing trillingly—all the better it was supposed that these poor little prisoners were *blinded*! There was a turfed bank behind the cages, hiding a grass alley beyond, with nets laid on either side; while down the middle hopped decoy finches, tied by the leg to bent wires. We now inspected the hut close by, most hospitably welcomed by its owners, who had come to see all was prepared for the season's sport. The hut was cunningly constructed half open for air, yet screened by a breastwork. Midmost was the fowler's chair, before glazed peep-holes in the wall facing the grass alley, and with net-ropes attached on either hand. As the great migratory flocks of finches land on these dunes in October and rest in the copses, they are lured by the singing decoys into the alley where their kind are hopping. They settle down to chat—*hu—sh! quick!* the nets are drawn over them and their necks promptly wrung. On the walls, a score was painted of many years' sport. Last season, 1883, 4,425

finches were caught in this finchery alone—there are several others near. We admired the cosy hut, and Monsieur van L—— brought out champagne to drink to my safe journey home—and the season's sport. With all thanks for their kindness, I could not echo the last wish.

That evening I left Lindenroede, all accompanying me to Haarlem station with warmest good-byes and mutual plans for meeting again. A glorious sunset over the wide meadows changed soon to a strange, twilight, fog effect. The land appeared all flooded with whitish misty waters, through which the cattle herds loomed like unknown animals, and trees and windmills rose dark; while the moon, reflected now and again in wide canals, shone softly on the scene that seemed neither land nor water. My happy visit had come to an end.

MAY CROMMELIN.

From Longman's Magazine.
MY OLD VILLAGE.

"JOHN BROWN is dead," said an aged friend and visitor in answer to my inquiry for the strong laborer.

"Is he really dead?" I asked, for it seemed impossible.

"He is. He came home from his work in the evening as usual, and seemed to catch his foot in the threshold and fell forward on the floor. When they picked him up he was dead."

I remember the doorway; a raised piece of wood ran across it, as is commonly the case in country cottages, such as one might easily catch one's foot against if one did not notice it; but he knew that bit of wood well. The floor was of brick, hard to fall on and die. He must have come down over the crown of the hill, with his long, slouching stride, as if his legs had been half pulled away from his body by his heavy boots in the furrows when a ploughboy. He must have turned up the steps in the bank to his cottage, and so, touching the threshold, ended. He is gone through the great doorway, and one pencil-mark is rubbed out. There used to be a large hearth in that room, a larger room than in most cottages, and when the fire was lit, and the light shone on the yellowish-red brick beneath and the large rafters overhead, it was homely and pleasant. In summer the door was always wide open. Close by on the high bank there was a spot where the first wild

violets came. You might look along miles of hedgerow, but there were never any until they had shown by John Brown's.

If a man's work that he has done all the days of his life could be collected and piled up around him in visible shape, what a vast mound there would be beside some! If each act or stroke was represented, say, by a brick, John Brown would have stood the day before his ending by the side of a monument as high as a pyramid. Then, if in front of him could be placed the sum and product of his labor, the profit to himself, he could have held it in his clenched hand like a nut, and no one would have seen it. Our modern people think they train their sons to strength by football and rowing and jumping, and what are called athletic exercises; all of which it is the fashion now to preach as very noble, and likely to lead to the goodness of the race. Certainly, feats are accomplished and records are beaten, but there is no real strength gained, no hardihood built up. Without hardihood it is of little avail to be able to jump an inch farther than somebody else. Hardihood is the true test, hardihood is the ideal, and not these caperings or ten minutes' spurts.

Now, the way they made the boy John Brown hardy was to let him roll about on the ground with naked legs and bare head from morn till night, from June till December, from January till June. The rain fell on his head, and he played in wet grass to his knees. Dry bread and a little lard was his chief food. He went to work while he was still a child. At half past three in the morning he was on his way to the farm stables, there to help feed the cart horses, which used to be done with great care very early in the morning. The carter's whip used to sting his legs, and sometimes he felt the butt. At fifteen he was no taller than the sons of well-to-do people at eleven; he scarcely seemed to grow at all till he was eighteen or twenty, and even then very slowly, but at last became a tall, big man. That slouching walk, with knees always bent, diminished his height to appearance; he really was the full size, and every inch of his frame had been slowly welded together by this ceaseless work, continual life in the open air, and coarse, hard food. This is what makes a man hardy. This is what makes a man able to stand almost anything, and gives a power of endurance that can never be obtained by any amount of gymnastic training.

I used to watch him mowing with amazement. Sometimes he would begin at half

past two in the morning, and continue till night. About eleven o'clock, which used to be the mowers' noon, he took a rest on a couch of half-dried grass in the shade of the hedge. For the rest, it was mow, mow, mow for the long summer day.

John Brown was dead; died in an instant at his cottage door. I could hardly credit it, so vivid was the memory of his strength. The gap of time since I had seen him last had made no impression on me; to me he was still in my mind the John Brown of the hayfield; there was nothing between then and his death.

He used to catch us boys the bats in the stable, and tell us fearful tales of the ghosts he had seen; and bring the bread from the town in an old-fashioned wallet, half in front and half behind, long before the bakers' carts began to come round in country places. One evening he came into the dairy carrying a yoke of milk, staggering, with tipsy gravity; he was quite sure he did not want any assistance, he could pour the milk into the pans. He tried, and fell at full length and bathed himself from head to foot. Of later days they say he worked in the town a good deal, and did not look so well or so happy as on the farm. In this cottage opposite the violet bank they had small-pox once, the only case I recollect in the hamlet—the old men used to say everybody had it when they were young; this was the only case in my time, and they recovered quickly without any loss, nor did the disease spread. A roomy, well-built cottage like that, on dry ground, isolated, is the only hospital worthy of the name. People have a chance to get well in such places; they have very great difficulty in the huge buildings that are put up expressly for them. I have a Convalescent Home in my mind at the moment, a vast building. In these great blocks what they call ventilation is a steady draught, and there is no "home" about it. It is all wards and regulations and draughts, and altogether miserable. I would infinitely rather see any friend of mine in John Brown's cottage. That terrible disease, however, seemed quite to spoil the violet bank opposite, and I never picked one there afterwards. There is something in disease so destructive, as it were, to flowers.

The hundreds of times I saw the tall chimney of that cottage rise out of the hillside as I came home at all hours of the day and night! the first chimney after a long journey, always comfortable to see, especially so in earlier days, when we had

a kind of halting belief in John Brown's ghosts, several of which were dotted along that road according to him. The ghosts die as we grow older, they die and their places are taken by real ghosts. I wish I had sent John Brown a pound or two when I was in good health; but one is selfish then, and puts off things till it is too late — a lame excuse verily. I can scarcely believe now that he is really dead, gone as you might casually pluck a hawthorn leaf from the hedge.

The next cottage was a very marked one, for houses grow to their owners. The low thatched roof had rounded itself and stooped down to fit itself to Job's shoulders; the walls had got short and thick to suit him, and they had a yellowish color, like his complexion, as if chewing tobacco had stained his cheeks right through. Tobacco-juice had likewise penetrated and tinted the wall. It was cut off as it seemed by a party wall into one room, instead of which there were more rooms beyond which no one would have suspected. Job had a way of shaking hands with you with his right hand, while his left hand was casually doing something else in a detached sort of way. "Yes, sir," and "No, sir," and nodding to everything you said all so complaisant, but at the end of the bargain you generally found yourself a few shillings in some roundabout manner on the wrong side. Job had a lot of shut-up rooms in his house and in his character, which never seemed to be opened to daylight. The eaves hung over and beetled like his brows, and he had a forelock, a regular antique forelock, which he used to touch with the greatest humility. There was a long bough of an elm hanging over one gable just like the forelock. His face was a blank, like the broad end wall of the cottage, which had no window — at least you might think so until you looked up and discovered one little arrow slit, one narrow pane, and woke with a start to the idea that Job was always up there watching and listening. That was how he looked out of his one eye so intensely cunning, the other being a wall eye — that is, the world supposed so, as he kept it half shut, always between the lights; but whether it was really blind or not I cannot say. Job caught rats and rabbits and moles, and bought fagots or potatoes, or fruit or rabbit-skins, or rusty iron; wonderful how he seemed to have command of money. It was done probably by buying and selling almost simultaneously, so that the cash passed really from one customer to another, and was never his at all.

Also he worked as a laborer, chiefly piece-work; also Mrs. Job had a shop window about two feet square; snuff and tobacco, bread and cheese, immense big brown jumbles and sugar, kept on the floor above, and reached down by hand when wanted, through the opening for the ladder stairs. The front door — Job's right hand — was always open in summer, and the flagstones of the floor chalked round their edges; a clean table, clean chairs, decent crockery, an old clock about an hour slow, a large hearth with a minute fire to boil the kettle without heating the room. Tea was usually at half past three, and it is a fact that many well-to-do persons, as they came along the road hot and dusty, used to drop in and rest and take a cup — very little milk and much gossip. Two paths met just there, and people used to step in out of a storm of rain, a sort of thatched-house club. Job was somehow on fair terms with nearly everybody, and that is a wonderful thing in a village, where everybody knows everybody's business, and petty interests continually cross. The strangest fellow and the strangest way of life, and yet I do not believe a black mark was ever put against him; the shiftiness was all for nothing. It arose, no doubt, out of the constant and eager straining to gain a little advantage and make an-extra penny. Had Job been a Jew, he would have been rich. He was the exact counterpart of the London Jew dealer, set down in the midst of the country. Job should have been rich. Such immense dark brown jumbles, such cheek-distenders — never any French sweetmeats or chocolate or bonbons to equal these. I really think I could eat one now. The pennies and four-penny bits — there were fourpenny bits in those days — that went behind that two-foot window, goodness! there was no end. Job used to chink them in a pint pot sometimes before the company to give them an idea of his great hoards. He always tried to impress people with his wealth, and would talk of a fifty-pound contract as if it was nothing to him. Jumbles are eternal if nothing else is. I thought then there was not such another shop as Job's in the universe. I have found since that there is a Job shop in every village, and in every street in every town — that is to say, a window for jumbles and rubbish; and if you don't know it you may be quite sure your children do, and spend many a sly penny there. Be as rich as you may, and give them gilded sweetmeats at home, still they will slip round to the Job shop.

It was a pretty cottage, well backed

with trees and bushes, with a south-east mixture of sunlight and shade, and little touches that cannot be suggested by writing. Job had not got the Semitic instinct of keeping. The art of acquisition he possessed to some extent, that was his right hand; but somehow the half-crowns slipped away through his unstable left hand, and fortune was a greasy pole to him. His left hand was too cunning for him, it wanted to manage things too cleverly. If it had only had the Semitic grip, digging the nails into the flesh to hold tight each separate coin, he would have been village rich. The great secret is the keeping. Finding is by no means keeping. Job did not flourish in his old days; the people changed round about. Job is gone, and I think every one of that cottage is either dead or moved. Empty.

The next cottage was the water-bailiff's, who looked after the great pond or "broad." There were one or two old boats, and he used to leave the oars leaning against a wall at the side of the house. These oars looked like fragments of a wreck, broken and irregular. The right-hand scull was heavy as if made of iron-wood, the blade broad and spoon-shaped, so as to have a most powerful grip of the water. The left-hand scull was light and slender, with a narrow blade like a marrowscoop; so when you had the punt, you had to pull very hard with your left hand and gently with the right to get the forces equal. The punt had a list of its own, and no matter how you rowed, it would still make leeway. Those who did not know its character were perpetually trying to get this crooked wake straight, and consequently went round and round exactly like the whirligig beetle. Those who knew, used to let the leeway proceed a good way and then alter it, so as to act in the other direction like an elongated zigzag. These sculls the old fellow would bring you as if they were great treasures, and watch you off in the punt as if he was parting with his dearest. At that date it was no little matter to coax him round to unchain his vessel. You had to take an interest in the garden, in the baits, and the weather, and be very humble; then perhaps he would tell you he did not want it for the trimmers, or the withy, or the flags, and you might have it for an hour as far as he could see; "did not think my lord's steward would come over that morning; of course if he did you must come in," and so on; and if the stars were propitious, by-and-by the punt was got afloat.

These sculls were tilted up against the wall, and as you innocently went to take one, wauw!—a dirty little ill-tempered mongrel poodle rolled himself like a ball to your heels and snapped his teeth—wauw! At the bark, out rushed the old lady, his housekeeper, shouting in the shrillest key to the dog to lie still, and to you that the bailiff would be there in a minute. At the sound of her shrewish "yang-yang" down came the old man from the bank, and so one dog fetched out the lot. The three were exactly alike somehow. Beside these diamond sculls he had a big gun, with which he used to shoot the kingfishers that came for the little fish; the number he slaughtered was very great; he persecuted them as Domitian did the flies; he declared that a kingfisher would carry off a fish heavier than itself. Also he shot rooks, once now and then strange wild fowl with this monstrous iron pipe, and something happened with this gun one evening which was witnessed, and after that the old fellow was very benevolent, and the punt was free to one or two who knew all about it. There is an old story about the stick that would not beat the dog, and the dog would not bite the pig, and so on; and so I am quite sure that ill-natured cur could never have lived with that "yang-yang" shrew, nor could any one else but he have turned the gear of the hatch, nor have endured the dog and the woman, and the constant miasma from the stagnant waters. No one else could have shot anything with that cumbrous weapon, and no one else could row that punt straight. He used to row it quite straight, to the amazement of a wondering world, and somehow supplied the motive force—the stick—which kept all these things going. He is gone, and, I think, the housekeeper too, and the house has had several occupants since, who have stamped down the old ghosts and thrust them out of doors.

After this the cottages and houses came in little groups, some up crooked lanes, hidden away by elms as if out of sight in a cupboard, and some dotted along the brooks, scattered so that, unless you had connected them all with a very long rope, no stranger could have told which belonged to the village and which did not. They drifted into various tithings, and yet it was all the same place. They were all thatched. It was a thatched village. This is strictly accurate and strictly inaccurate, for I think there were one or two tiled and one slated, and perhaps a modern one slated. Nothing is ever quite rigid

or complete that is of man; all rules have a chip in them. The way they builded the older thatched farmhouses was to put up a very high wall in front and a very low one behind, and then the roof in a general way sloped down from the high wall to the low wall, an acre broad of thatch. These old thatched houses seemed to be very healthy so long as the old folk lived in them in the old-fashioned way. Thatch is believed to give an equable temperature. The air blew all round them, and it might be said all through them; for the front door was always open three parts of the year, and at the back the dairies were in a continual blow. Upstairs the houses were only one room thick, so that each wall was an outside wall, or rather it was a wall one side and thatched the other, so that the wind went through if a window was open. Modern houses are often built two rooms thick, so that the air does not circulate from one side to the other. No one seemed to be ill, unless he brought it home with him from some place where he had been visiting. The diseases they used to have were long-lived, such as rheumatism, which may keep a man comfortably in aches and pains forty years. My dear old friend, however, taking them one by one, went through the lot and told me of the ghosts. The forefathers I knew are all gone — the stout man, the lame man, the paralyzed man, the gruff old stick; not one left. There is not one left of the old farmers, not a single one. The fathers, too, of our own generation have been dropping away. The strong young man who used to fill us with such astonishment at the feats he would achieve without a thought, no gymnastic training, to whom a sack of wheat was a toy, — the strong young man went one day into the harvest-field, as he had done so many times before. Suddenly he felt a little dizzy. By-and-by he went home and became very ill with sunstroke; he recovered, but he was never strong again; he gradually declined for twelve months, and next harvest-time he was under the daisies. Just one little touch of the sun, and the strength of man faded as a leaf. The hardy dark young man, built of iron, broad, thick, and short, who looked as if frost, snow, and heat were all the same to him, had something go wrong in his lung; one twelvemonth, and there was an end. This was a very unhappy affair. The pickaxe and the spade have made almost a full round to every door; I do not want to think any more about this. Family

changes and the pressure of these hard times have driven out most of the rest; some seem to have quite gone out of sight; some have crossed the sea; some have abandoned the land as a livelihood. Of the few, the very few that still remain, still fewer abide in their original homes. Time has shuffled them about from house to house like a pack of cards. Of them all, I verily believe there is but one soul living in the same old house. If the French had landed in the mediæval way to harry with fire and sword, they could not have swept the place more clean.

Almost the first thing I did with pen and ink as a boy was to draw a map of the hamlet with the roads and lanes and paths, and I think some of the ponds, and with each of the houses marked and the occupier's name. Of course it was very roughly done, and not to any scale, yet it was perfectly accurate and full of detail. I wish I could find it, but the confusion of time has scattered and mixed these early papers. A map by Ptolemy would bear as much resemblance to the same country in a modern atlas as mine to the present state of that locality. It is all gone — rubbed out. The names against the whole of those houses have been altered, one only excepted, and changes have taken place there. Nothing remains. This is not in a century, half a century, or even in a quarter of a century, but in a few ticks of the clock.

I think I have heard that the oaks are down. They may be standing or down, it matters nothing to me; the leaves I last saw upon them are gone forevermore, nor shall I ever see them come there again ruddy in spring. I would not see them again even if I could; they could never look again as they used to do. There are too many memories there. The happiest days become the saddest afterwards; let us never go back, lest we too die. There are no such oaks anywhere else, none so tall and straight, and with such massive heads, on which the sun used to shine as if on the globe of the earth, one side in shadow, the other in bright light. How often I have looked at oaks since, and yet have never been able to get the same effect from them! Like an old author printed in another type, the words are the same, but the sentiment is different. The brooks have ceased to run. There is no music now at the old hatch where we used to sit in danger of our lives, happy as kings, on the narrow bar over the deep water. The barred pike that used to come up in such numbers are no more among

the flags. The perch used to drift down the stream, and then bring up again. The sun shone there for a very long time, and the water rippled and sang, and it always seemed to me that I could feel the rippling and the singing and the sparkling back through the centuries. The brook is dead, for when man goes nature ends. I dare say there is water there still, but it is not the brook; the brook is gone like John Brown's soul. There used to be clouds over the fields, white clouds in blue summer skies. I have lived a good deal on clouds; they have been meat to me often; they bring something to the spirit which even the trees do not. I see clouds now sometimes when the iron grip of hell permits for a minute or two; they are very different clouds and speak differently. I long for some of the old clouds, that had no memories. There were nights in those times over those fields, not darkness, but night, full of glowing suns and glowing richness of life that sprang up to meet them. The nights are there still; they are everywhere, nothing local in the night; but it is not the night to me seen through the window.

There used to be footpaths. Following one of them, the first field always had a good crop of grass; over the next stile there was a great oak standing alone in the centre of the field, generally a great cart-horse under it, and a few rushes scattered about the furrows; the fourth was always full of the finest clover; in the fifth you could scent the beans on the hill, and there was a hedge like a wood, and a nest of the long-tailed tit; the sixth had a runnel and blue forget-me-nots; the seventh had a brooklet and scattered trees along it; from the eighth you looked back on the slope and saw the thatched houses you had left behind under passing shadows, and rounded white clouds going straight for the distant hills, each cloud visibly bulging and bowed down like a bag. I cannot think how the distant thatched houses came to stand out with such clear definition and etched outline and bluish shadows; and beyond these was the uncertain vale that had no individuality, but the trees put their arms together and became one. All these were meadows, every step was among grass, beautiful grass, and the cuckoos sang as if they had found paradise. A hundred years ago a little old man with silver buckles on his shoes used to walk along this footpath once a week in summer, taking his children over to drink milk at the farm; but though he set them every time

to note the number of fields, so busy were they with the nests and the flowers, they could never be sure at the end of the journey whether there were eight or nine. To make quite sure at last, he took with them a pocketful of apples, one of which was eaten in each field, and so they came to know for certain that the number of meadows was either eight or nine, I forget which; and so you see this great experiment did not fix the faith of mankind. Like other great truths, it has grown dim, but it seems strange to think how this little incident could have been borne in mind for a century. There was another footpath that led through the peewit field, where the green plovers forevermore circle round in spring; then past the nightingale field, by the largest maple-trees that grew in that country; this too was all grass. Another led along the water to bluebell land; another into the coombes of the hills; all meadows, which was the beauty of it; for though you could find wheat in plenty if you liked, you always walked in grass. All round the compass you could still step on sward. This is rare. Of one other path I have a faded memory, like a silk marker in an old book; in truth, I don't want to remember it, except the end of it where it came down to the railway. So full was the mind of romance in those days, that I used to get there specially in time to see the express go up, the magnificent engine of the broad gauge that swept along with such ease and power to London. I wish I could feel like that now. The feeling is not quite gone even now, and I have often since seen these great broad-gauge creatures moving alive to and fro like Ezekiel's wheel dream beside the platforms of Babylon with much of the same old delight. Still I never went back with them to the faded footpath. They are all faded now, these footpaths.

The walnut-trees are dead at home. They gave such a thick shade when the fruit was juicy ripe, and the hoods cracked as they fell; they peeled as easy as taking off a glove; the sweetest and nuttiest of fruit. It was delicious to sit there with a great volume of Sir Walter Scott, half in sunshine, half in shade, dreaming of "Kenilworth" and Wayland Smith's cave; only the difficulty was to balance the luxuries, when to peel the walnuts and when to read the book, and how to adjust oneself to perfection so as to get the exact amount of sunshine and shadow. Too much luxury. There was a story, too, told by one Abu-Kaka ibn Ja'is, of the

caravan that set forth in 1483 to cross the desert, and being overwhelmed by a sand-storm, lost their way. They wandered for some time till hunger and thirst began to consume them, and then suddenly lit on an oasis unknown to the oldest merchant of Bagdad. There they found refreshing waters and palms and a caravanserai; and what was most pleasant, the people at the bazaar and the prince hastened to fill them with hospitality; sheep were killed, and kids were roasted, and all was joy. They were not permitted to depart till they had feasted, when they set out again on their journey, and each at leaving was presented with strings of pearls and bags of rubies, so that at last they came home with all the magnificence of kings. They found, however, that instead of having been absent only a month or two they had been gone twenty years, so swiftly had time sped. As they grew old, and their beards grey, and their frames withered, and the pearls were gone, and the rubies spent, they said, "We will go back to the city of the oasis." They set out, each on his camel, one lame, the other paralytic, and the third blind, but still the way was plain, for had they not trodden it before? and they had with them the astrolabe of the astronomer that fixes the track by the stars. Time wore on, and presently the camels' feet brought them nearer and nearer the wished-for spot. One saw the water, and another the palms, but when they came near, it was the mirage, and deep sand covered the place. Then they separated, and each hastened home; but the blind had no leader, and the lame fell from his camel, and the paralytic had no more dates, and their white bones have disappeared.* Many another tale, too, I read under the trees that are gone like human beings. Sometimes I went forth to the nooks in the deep meadows by the hazel mounds, and sometimes I parted the ash-tree wands. In my waistcoat pocket I had a little red book, made square; I never read it out of doors, but I always carried it in my pocket till it was frayed and the binding broken; the smallest of red books, but very much therein — the poems and sonnets of Mr. William Shakespeare. Some books are

alive. The book I have still, it cannot die; the ash copses are cut, and the hazel mounds destroyed.

Was every one then so pleasant to me in those days? were the people all so beneficent and kindly that I must needs look back; all welcoming with open hand and open door? No, the reverse; there was not a single one friendly to me; still that has nothing to do with it, I never thought about them, and I am quite certain they never thought about me. They are all gone, and there is an end. Incompatibility would describe our connection best. Nothing to do with them at all; it was me. I planted myself everywhere — in all the fields and under all the trees. The curious part of it is that though they are all dead, and "worms have eaten them, but not for love," we continually meet them in other shapes. We say, "Holloa, here is old So-and-so coming; that is exactly his jaw, that's his Flemish face;" or, "By Jove, yonder is So-and-so; that's his very walk;" one almost expects them to speak as one meets them in the street. There seem to be certain set types which continually crop up again whithersoever you go, and even certain tricks of speech and curves of the head — a set of family portraits walking about the world. It was not the people, neither for good, for evil, nor indifference.

I planted myself everywhere under the trees in the fields and footpaths, by day and by night, and that is why I have never put myself into the charge of the many wheeled creatures that move on the rails and gone back thither, lest I might find the trees look small, and the elms mere switches, and the fields shrunken, and the brooks dry, and no voice anywhere. Nothing but my own ghost to meet me by every hedge. I fear lest I should find myself more dead than all the rest. And verily I wish, could it be without injury to others, that the sand of the desert would rise and roll over and obliterate the place forever and ever.

I need not wish, for I have been conversing again with learned folk about this place, and they begin to draw my view to certain considerations. These very learned men point out to me a number of objections, for the question they sceptically put is this: are you quite certain that such a village ever existed? In the first place, they say, you have only got one other witness beside yourself, and she is aged, and has defective sight; and really we don't know what to say to accepting such evidence unsupported. Secondly,

* The Arabian commentator thinks this story a myth; the oasis in the desert is the time of youth, which passes so quickly, and is not recognized till it is gone; the pearls and rubies, the joys of love, which make the fortunate lover as a king. In old age every man is afflicted with disease or infirmity, every one is paralytic, lame, or blind. They set out to find a second youth — the dream of immortality — with the astrolabe which is the creed or Koran all take as their guide. And death separated the company. This is only his pragmatic way; the circumstance is doubtless historic.

John Brown cannot be found to bear testimony. Thirdly, there are no ghosts there; that can be demonstrated. It renders a case unsubstantial to introduce these flimsy spirits. Fourthly, the map is lost, and it might be asked, was there ever such a map? Fifthly, the people are all gone. Sixthly, no one ever saw any particular sparkle on the brook there, and the clouds appear to be of the same commonplace order that go about everywhere. Seventhly, no one can find these footpaths, which probably led nowhere; and as for the little old man with silver buckles on his shoes, it is a story only fit for some one in his dotage. You can't expect grave and considerate men to take your story as it stands; they must consult the ordnance survey and Domesday Book; and the fact is, you have not got the shadow of a foundation on which to carry your case into court. I may resent this, but I cannot deny that the argument is very black against me, and I begin to think that my senses have deceived me. It is as they say. No one else seems to have seen the sparkle on the brook, or heard the music at the hatch, or to have felt back through the centuries; and when I try to describe these things to them they look at me with stolid incredulity. No one seems to understand how I got food from the clouds, nor what there was in the night, nor why it is not so good to look at it out of window. They turn their faces away from me, so that perhaps after all I was mistaken, and there never was any such place, or any such meadows, and I was never there. And perhaps in course of time I shall find out also, when I pass away physically, that as a matter of fact there never was any earth.

RICHARD JEFFERIES.

From Murray's Magazine.

MAJOR LAWRENCE, F.L.S.

BY THE HON. EMILY LAWLESS.

AUTHOR OF "HURRISH, A STUDY," ETC.

BOOK VI. — THE CURTAIN FALLS.

CHAPTER III.

YES, and it was in that fact that the special tragedy of this death-bed lay. His wife and his mother apart, no one *was* sorry, not a single soul of those who knew him cared one jot whether he lived or died. There was not even much pretence. The servants went about with decorously elongated faces; Dr. Mulligan

had a responsible physician's cares and anxieties; John Lawrence and young Mordaunt walked daily up and down the long slope to enquire; acquaintances wrote reams of condolences; every one, in short, did everything that was incumbent, but that was all. Seeing that he was doomed, it was perhaps as well, and yet surely a death that is scarcely mourned at all is a more tragic thing, if one thinks of it, than a death that is mourned by thousands.

John Lawrence found the condolences hard work. The village people of Lugliano especially, were untiring in enquiries and expressions of friendly sympathy. It was quite a great event, a sort of melancholy festivity to them. This magnificent signore — so young, rich, handsome, with his wife, and child, and doctor, his maid-servants and menservants, and everything that heart could desire! For such a one to die was to bring the underlying equality of rich and poor — not always an easy matter to believe in — into highly edifying relief. They could not help feeling, for instance, that it was a more affecting spectacle than that of Tomaso Botti's wife, who was also dying of consumption, and who would leave a husband and four small children to lament her. Poor Marianetta Botti! they knew her well, a more industrious, faithful soul never breathed, nor a better wife. Still, she was only the same as themselves, and had tended her little plot of vineyard, and led her goats to pasture as long as she could move, and now was lying in the little, dark, unplastered cabin, waiting for that summons which seemed so long in coming. How different from this milordo, on his soft bed with all his comforts and luxuries! Yet perhaps the same coach would be sent for both, they said to one another, not without a natural relish in so interesting a conjunction.

John Lawrence took great pains to evade these kindly demonstrations. He felt ashamed of them, they seemed to make a hypocrite of him, seeing that, like young Mordaunt, he could not profess to be sorry. There were moments, indeed, when he felt inclined to show openly that he was the reverse, if only by way of vindicating his honesty. Practically, however, he did not do so. That invisible potentate, whose sign-manual none of us dare openly flout, restrained him, and he doffed his cap to it like the rest. Inwardly, however, his sense of emancipation was complete. It was better, far better that he should die! who, he asked himself,

could doubt it? What happiness, what peace even, could she look to were he to recover? It was not merely that he was heartless, selfish, unfaithful even—the colonel was not more exacting in his standard of masculine virtue than another, and he had encountered similar failings before. It was nothing positive, in fact, so much as what was negative. It was the innate hollowness of the man. Tap him where you would, he rang unsound. There was not a point, not even a defect, upon which you could lay a finger and say, "Here at least is solid ground." Such a union as his and hers—what was it in its essence but the union between the living and the dead? Life is growth, and there was no growth in him, and had his life been prolonged—yea, to the age of patriarchs—there never would have been. Character, the ethical side of humanity, was to all practical purposes absolutely non-existent.

It was only when he encountered poor Mrs. Cathers—a shock which with true manly cowardice he avoided as much as possible—that he relented. Pity then got the upper hand. The poor thing's wild despair was enough indeed to move the pity of any creature born of woman. Long as it had been foreseen by others, to her it was the inconceivable, the utterly impossible, that was happening. She was too good and pious, perhaps too matter-of-fact for that wild sense of revolt which longs at any cost to avenge itself, which would discharge its unavailing bolts against the smiling heavens themselves. Astonishment was her prevailing feeling, a wonder that the earth and stars, the round sun itself could gaze unmoved upon so inconceivable a consummation. She seemed to those about her to shrink and pine from hour to hour, collapsing like some air-plant whose patron root is dying, and which as a consequence shares its doom.

There are natures which in all tenderness can only be described as parasitic; which are as absolutely dependent upon another as the *cytinus* of Italian pine woods is dependent upon the *cistus* on which it feeds. From the moment of her son's birth Mrs. Cathers's whole life, habits, tastes, pride, happiness, had been formed, concentrated upon, centred in this one object. She could hardly be said to have any separate existence, so absolute had been the identification. No more touching proof of this could be found than her dress—the very palladium of simple feminine souls like hers—the last

spot of conscious self-judgment they ever willingly abrogate. Mrs. Cathers had even abrogated this. From the moment that Algernon—bitten like other young men with the eclecticism of his day—had joined the standard of æsthetic revolt, and proclaimed his abhorrence of all prevailing modes of apparel, Mrs. Cathers had submitted. She had followed in his wake as a faithful recruit follows his officer to the battle-field, had laid down her taste at his feet, as she might have laid her life, and accepted his in its place without a murmur. She would have worn poke bonnets or white linen caps for the rest of her natural life, had Algernon taken it into his head to become a Quaker or a Cowley brother. What she had worn was scarcely less abhorrent to the natural woman. As for any reason or object for these—to her unaccountable—aberrations she had not a notion. Algernon preferred them, as he preferred many unaccountable things, and that was enough. *Why* he preferred them, she had no more pretensions to know than the weathercock upon the steeple pretends to know or share the inmost councils of Eolus.

And now the authority upon which she had formed herself was slipping away from her, the prop on which she had leaned was falling to the ground, and the poor maternal parasite, what, in pity's name, was to become of her? Where was she to turn, and what was she to do? Henceforward to all intents and purposes her life was over and done with, more piteous indeed than were it so, seeing that a thing which is doomed, but still lives, is a sadder one by far than where the struggle is already past. Had some form of maternal sutteeism been in force there is little doubt she would have accepted it, would have followed her Algernon to the tomb just as she would have followed him in anything conceivable that he had suggested while living. Poor tender unrequiring mother! What wonder that the hearts of all who saw her in those days bled when they thought of her future?

The colonel was a good deal puzzled about his little friend Jan. Had any realization of her father's peril presented itself to her small mind? he wondered. He had not seen much of her lately, so had not had any opportunity of talking to or being questioned by her. The next time, however, he went to the villa, she suddenly sprang up from a window-sill upon which she had curled herself to wait for her mother. It was in a passage near the sick-room and was kept dark, the *persiennes*

being tightly drawn. The child looked more like a little gnome than ever, in the dim light, penetrated here and there by thin threads of sunshine; her mop of fair hair stood on end like the wig of an electrical doll, her thin arms waved excitedly, as she seized him by the flap of his coat.

"Colonel Laurie! Colonel Laurie! Pleath I want to ask you zumthing. Where is fadie going?" she inquired eagerly.

"Going?" The colonel stopped short. What had the child heard? he wondered. How much did she know? "What do you mean, Jan dear?" he asked gently.

"I heard Peacock, muddie's maid, tell Cox zat he was going—going fast—and I want to know where he ith going to?"

Never the readiest of men, the enquiry found the colonel unprepared with a reply. Jan took advantage of his hesitation.

"Becauth I thought per-waps it was to En-ger-land he was going," she continued in her little shrill deliberate voice, with its conscientiously emphasized pronunciation. "And I thought if he was going vezy far—vezy far indeed—I would wather he went than muddie. Wouldn't you?"

If the first question was a difficult one to answer, the second was a poser indeed! Twice the colonel tried to find a reply, and both times failed. The alternative the child's question put before him was too startling, it literally unmanned him. At length he fairly turned, and, muttering something about looking for her uncle, ran down the stairs and out into the garden, leaving Jan—a long thread of sunlight entangling itself in her web of yellow hair—gazing after him with an expression of surprised displeasure.

He kept away after this for several days. There was nothing for him to do, he told himself, and there was something ghoul-like in hanging vaguely about the precincts of the sick-room. One evening, about a week later, he and young Mordaunt had come back from a long walk on the hills, and the impulse took him about bedtime to wander out again in the direction of Lugliano. It was a delicious night—delicious, that is, for all who were not called to spend it in a rather stuffy bedroom. Soon he was in the wood, under the great cathedral-like roof of chestnut-trees, which made an almost continuous dome over his head. Emerging into an open space not far below the summit, the whole forest world seemed to lie like a map around him, a sea of tree-tops,

melting indistinguishably one into another, tossed into steeper curves and sharper descent than ever Atlantic billows in their wildest, rolling up and up, till they culminated in the steep serrated ridge where the watch-towers of Bargilio showed grey against the greyness.

The sense of stillness was extraordinary; the gravity of night; the peculiar sanctity of solitude. If ever there was a night to carry a man's thoughts into the silent mystery, into the very soul of things, this was one. Our thoughts, however, are for the most part a mixed and froward flock, high and low, good and bad, jostle one another in our brains, as the Tupperts and Shakespeares, the Fenelons and the Feuilletists, jog elbows in our bookshelves. To-night our sober friend was in a restless mood, carried out of his usual self by some unaccountable exhilaration, some feeling of anticipation, due probably to the night; to the soft thick southern dusk, the intoxicating scent of the chestnut-trees, to the whole environment and atmosphere, since what exciting or interesting was likely to befall him on that sad hilltop? Of all inappropriate melodies, too, nothing but the well-worn strains of Moore's bacchanalian love-song must choose to make a lodgment to-night in his not very musical brain. "The young May moon is beaming, love, the glow-worm's light is gleaming, love"—over and over again, for no reason that he could imagine, that demon of a tune would break out, like some impish crowd that will have its fling, no matter who may be dead or dying. When he got near the villa he thought that he had got the better of it, but just as he was reaching the gate it suddenly broke out again. "And the best of all ways to lengthen our days, is to steal a few hours from the night, my love!"

He was near turning back, he was so scandalized. It was not audible, it is true, yet the silence seemed to be ringing with its indecorous levity, the funereal cypress overhead to be pointing horrified fingers upwards with an air of sanctified reprobation.

He went on after a while, treading his way along the narrow footpath, where the cypresses hardly left room to pass. When he came to the front of the house he stood still, looking upwards. A door was open upon a small wooden balcony, and through the aperture came a dull stream of yellow light. Some one was standing upon the balcony, a woman, by the dress, but a shadow from one of the trees fell across

her, so that it was impossible to make out who it was. Presently, however, she moved and lifted her head, and then he saw that it was Lady Eleanor.

His heart began to beat and vibrate with great thick thuds; a sort of vertigo, born of the southern night, seemed to overtake and envelop him, and he half lifted his arms towards her. She too saw him suddenly, and started a little; but, after a moment's hesitation, beckoned to him to stay where he was, and, leaving the balcony, came slowly down a little outside staircase, which led into the garden, her white dress and white face making her a ghostly enough visitant for those dim reaches of the moon.

"Speak low," she said, when she had joined him, "Mrs. Cathers has just fallen asleep. Poor thing, she is so tired! She has worn herself out with hope, and yet — yet perhaps it is better for her that she can hope."

"And you?" he said tenderly. Had his life depended on it he could not at that moment have helped the tenderness of his tone. Her face touched him inexpressibly. It was so wan, and weak, and white, the pale eyelids seeming hardly able to retain their places above the weary eyes.

"Oh, I am well enough." She paused and sighed a little. "It has been such a comfort having her here. She is so good. She talks to him of what he did when he was a little boy, and repeats verses to him — little verses he used to learn about God and heaven, and he likes it, and listens gladly. I wish I had thought of doing that sort of thing before. I don't know why I didn't. Everything with me comes too late. I suppose it seemed" — she hesitated, and was silent.

"A mockery," was the word with which her hearer would have been inclined to finish the sentence. He did not so so, of course. He waited instead, trying to follow the course her thoughts had taken. He was startled and unprepared, however, when she suddenly broke out again, this time in a voice of yearning unspeakable pity.

"He is so young! Only twenty-seven! John, is it not cruel? Think of it! Twenty-seven! Why, a man of twenty-seven may be anything. His whole life is still before him. No one can tell what he may be. No one!"

The colonel was silent. It seemed to him that the lines of Algernon Cathers's life had been pretty accurately laid down. It was not the moment to say so, however.

"He ought to have had a different wife; that has been his misfortune throughout," she went on. "There is no knowing what a difference that might not have made. A wife that would have suited him, that would have understood his tastes, and sympathized with him, who would have cared for the same sort of things as he did; not a stupid headstrong creature who thought she knew better than any one. Oh, John, what a fool, what a wretched, wretched fool one is when one is young! And to think —" She paused, and her voice sank again to a yearning passionate pity, "to think of the harm that one may do!"

He uttered an ejaculation of impatience. "Don't talk like that, Lady Eleanor," he said irritably. "You have no right to say such things of yourself. You are tired to-night, and overwrought; you cannot judge fairly. God knows, no human being except yourself could find a shadow of blame to throw at you. Be just! Injustice is injustice, even if it is against oneself."

"I know. It is not that; you do not understand. I am not blaming myself foolishly indeed. I do not say that — of late — I have not done what I could. But — oh, I can't explain, you would never understand, no one could. It is that he ought to have had a different wife from the very beginning; one who would not have imagined such foolish, impossible things at first, and who would have had more patience, more sense afterwards. If only — oh, if only I could have the time again! If I could have foreseen! If —"

There came a slight sound from overhead. She stopped and listened. It was repeated, and with a motion of the hand she glided away up the steps, and disappeared into the house. He waited for some time, thinking that she might reappear, but as she did not do so, he at last turned away and walked down the hill to his hotel.

His soul was hard and sore within him. A numbness, heavy as lead, lay upon him as he walked along through the moon-stricken tree-trunks. "She loves him," he said to himself. "In spite of all he has done to cure her, she is *not* cured; she loves him. He will be dearer to her, too, dead, than ever he could be living. Living, he would have revolted her hourly by his selfishness, his incapacity to understand the very alphabet of anything noble or honest. Now she will make haste to forget all that. She will invent a touching fiction, and call it by his name. Dying,

he will be to her forever the lover of her youth, the one being she supremely loved. Her generosity and magnanimity will be his shield and buckler. Once dead—safe, therefore, from himself—no other dart will be able to assail him. His shrine will be in the very front of her life, empty, but still the symbol of all that she has loved, all that she ever *can* love!"

A sense of wrong and rankling injustice welled up within him as he walked along under the moonlight, — very type of calm and caressing tenderness. What was the use of honor, of faith, of manliness, he asked himself bitterly, if such a one as *that* was allowed to quit the stage with all the honors of war? He could have found it in his heart to drag Algernon Cathers back, to insist upon his living, if only to prove what a hollow thing he was, to pluck down with his own hand the painted mask which would henceforth conceal his identity.

It was not to be, however. For good or for bad, credit or discredit, the last act was reached, the curtain all but down, the man about to quit the stage in all his stage apparel, knave or hero, king or scullion, vile or noble, it mattered not perhaps very much now. She must be a gainer. Yes, there was always that comfort. Whatever the future might have in store for her, she could not fail to be a gainer, as surely as a block of Parian gains by being separated from the neighborhood of some corrosive metal. She would never realize it, though. She had loved him once, had poured out upon him the uncounted treasure of her love, and hers was not a nature to take back the gift. The recipient might be unworthy, the gift bestowed under a mistake. Never mind. It had been bestowed, and that was enough. The cruel, torturing years of alienation, of growing clear-sightedness, would all be forgotten, swept away as though they had never existed, only the first few months of happiness, only the glad outgoing of a heart too young and happy to discriminate, would remain. That love, that memory, was immortal, and no other—however tried, faithful, enduring—would ever be allowed even remotely to approach its shrine.

CHAPTER IV.

HE did not see her again for nearly a week. The last struggle, as often happens in consumption, was a hard one; hard upon the sufferer, but perhaps harder still upon those who stood by. There came an afternoon, however, when it was known to every one that the end had nearly come.

Young Mordaunt and John Lawrence were upon the ridge, but did not enter the villa. They stood about the walks, not speaking to one another, restless, uncomfortable. The silence was extraordinary. Every breath seemed suspended. One or two of the village people had gathered near the entrance and stood there motionless. Presently Dr. Mulligan came to the door for a moment,—even his ruddy cheeks toned to greyness by the last supreme struggle.

"He is conscious," he said. "He opened his eyes just now, and looked at your sister"—nodding at young Mordaunt. "He said something—I can't swear what it was, but I think I caught 'Forgive.' Poor fellow! he is stronger than one would believe; nervous strength. Well, well, it is a hard job however you take it, and, however often you see it—never seems to get a bit easier; never will, I suppose"—and, with a sigh, the good man went back to his post.

The other two separated, by a mutual impulse of unsociability, a reflection, perhaps, of that instinct which causes the stricken creature to seek a lonely hole. Young Mordaunt strolled up hill in the direction of the little chapel; John Lawrence wandered down the slope some fifty yards or so below the villa, and threw himself at full length upon the edge of a cleared space.

A sudden pity—a pity which seemed for the moment to sweep away all the choking tide of anger—was filling him for this man who was nearing his end, who had won and was losing her, who before the sunlight had moved from yonder branch would possess her no longer. It was that more than the loss of life which moved his pity. He had not deserved her, had wronged, wounded, outraged her, done everything, in fact, a man ought not to do, but still, poor fellow! poor wretch!—he was losing her!

He tried to fix his mind upon that point to the exclusion of all others. He had a terror, a perfect dread and detestation of any touch of rejoicing springing up now, a horror for that smug philosophy that announces that all is for the best—meaning for our own best. What was to be was to be, but God forbid, he said to himself fervently, that he should rejoice *now*.

He had lain there for perhaps three-quarters of an hour, soothed by the stillness and the greenery, when a sound floated down to him from the ridge, a sound which to less attentive ears might have been a mere wailing of wind amongst

the tree-tops. He hurried up, and five minutes later stood with his hand upon the latch of the little gate. The deadly silence was broken; there was a subdued sound and movement everywhere perceptible. Doctor Mulligan came for an instant to a window, and nodded his head significantly; he could hear a moving to and fro of feet, an opening and shutting of doors, but over every other sound came the one which he had heard below, now grown louder, the wailing of a creature in anguish, inarticulate, terrible, uncontrollable. It tore into the hearts of all who heard it, that supreme expression of impotent agony, hardly human in its self-abandonment. It seemed to ring, vibrate, beat in its passionate misery all about the silence; the woods, the walls, the very air to be filled with the heart-piercing clamor. At last it died away, changing first to wild sobbings and moanings, then ceasing suddenly, as if the merciful hand of unconsciousness had been laid upon the sufferer's eyes. The further windows had been opened for additional air, and against the light John Lawrence could see Lady Eleanor and the doctor bending over a prostrate figure which they were helping to lift and carry from the room. The poor mother's hopes had given way at last. Hope may be an angel, but it is one which carries a spear, and when it leaves it often kills.

John Lawrence's heart was full of pity; nevertheless after the first minute — once those cries of agony were out of his ears — his thoughts turned with the precision of a magnet to a yet more pressing preoccupation. How was *she* feeling? Was her heart, too, torn with an agony which only regard for others, only the stoicism of self-restraint, prevented her showing in the same fashion? He had a wild desire to rush into the house — into the very chamber of death — to take her by the hand, look into her eyes, assert his own claim — an older, better claim, he felt, than that of the man who was lying dead upon the bed, whose ring was upon her finger. It was an impossible impulse, he knew, to follow, an impossible right to claim. He must be patient; he must forbear, he must wait. Wait! Torturing lesson! slowest of all lessons to be learnt, even by women who have had millenniums to do it in. He turned away, sick, cold, aching with the sense of his own impotence.

Happily there were other things to do. After the long inaction every one sprang to sudden activity. Italian law is sharp

and stern, and whatever had to be done must be done at once. John Lawrence and young Mordaunt hurried away in different directions. A messenger was sent to Lucca to see that all was in readiness. Finally it was decided that they should go on in front, so as to smooth the way as much as possible. Mrs. Cathers's condition was a serious embarrassment. The poor thing passed from one state of unconsciousness to another, the intervals being filled with complaints, sobs, and wild appeals to her son to come to her, to speak one word, only one little word to his poor mother; she wouldn't detain him — indeed she wouldn't! Her mind, worn by the prolonged strain, seemed to have suddenly given way completely. So enfeebled was it that the doctor seriously doubted the possibility of moving her, and suggested her being left where she was until she was a little recovered. She was aware, however, that her son was being moved, and, that being the case, it was impossible, they found, to persuade her to remain behind, indeed there seemed a cruelty in the bare suggestion. Fortunately, as long as she was only allowed to go, in all else she was docility itself. Her natural submissiveness seemed to be even increased by her mental weakness. It was as if, in following her son to the grave, she felt herself still under his direction, still obeying the voice which, ever since it could articulate, had been to her as the voice of Heaven. In the train she sat all day gazing at a spot a little in advance of the windows, never speaking, evidently seeing and heeding nothing. When night came, they could not induce her to lie down, it seemed as if she feared to interrupt her journey by so doing. She sat and sat unweariedly, till the long darkness wore away, and the sun again shone pitilessly upon their travel-worn faces. Paris; another eye-wearying stretch of daylight, followed by the noise and jar of the embarkation; then the paler sunshine, the green fields speckled with that universal smuttiness which to all newly arrived eyes seems to be rapidly overwhelming the whole of England. London, a blur and a rattle, then a few hours' rest, and then on and on again, till the broad fields and familiar red-brown banks of Devonshire were at length around them.

At the Redcombe station John Lawrence met the party. It was the first time he had seen Lady Eleanor since the evening of her husband's death, and he had looked forward to the meeting as a clue to what she was feeling. Now that he saw

her, however, her face was an enigma. It was full of pain, and wan as the face of one who watches still beside the dead, yet it did not look as if she had been crying, at any rate, not recently. It was a grief that seemed to enclose and underlie the personal one; to have passed through the earlier passionate, convulsive stage, which fights and struggles and cries aloud in its misery, and to have entered into the secondary one—the stage where trouble becomes no longer an invader, but an abiding presence, a grim house-guest, the sharer of a lifetime. It was a phase which he felt—and resented as he did so—might remain always, might remain even if it came to be overlaid with joy.

She hardly spoke to him, except to utter a brief word of thanks for the care which had smoothed their journey. All her thoughts seemed to be concentrated upon Mrs. Cathers. There was too, as she attended to her wants, the same vaguely penitential expression, the same air of secret remorse, which had so often exasperated him when directed towards her husband. He turned with an impulse of impatience to Jan, who sprang eagerly out of the carriage to meet her friend, and whose small face, with its aureole of bleached hair, looked as satisfactorily self-possessed and unemotional as ever. Children were, after all, the only rational and natural creatures, he said to himself irritably. Others—women especially—even the best and noblest, were apt sooner or later to take on a pose. It might be the most inevitable of poses, but still it was one. Their circumstances laid hands upon them, and twisted them insensibly. They felt what they conceived they ought to feel, until at last they grew to be what they wished in the first instance they really were.

It was an unwonted ebullition of impatience, a breath upon the mirror of his loyalty, and he had the grace to feel a little ashamed of himself the next minute. Did he seriously expect, that with her husband not a week dead, not yet laid in the grave, she was to dress herself in smiles to meet him? Whether she were bleeding inwardly to death, or whether peace, the white-winged, was already beginning to flutter before her windows, outwardly it would be the same. Decency, self-respect—that pity which was the rock, he knew, on which all else with her rested—made it inevitable. He knew this, of course, he knew, in short, that he was unreasonable, but has that ever yet hindered man or woman from being so?

From The Contemporary Review.

AFGHAN LIFE IN AFGHAN SONGS.

ON the night of the 7th of April, 1886, (Wednesday, 11 P.M.), as I was sitting in the garden of my bungalow at Peshawer, gazing at the stars and the silver moon, etc. etc., I heard my Afghan *chaukidar*,* old Piro, of the Khali tribe, muttering in a broken voice fragments of a song that sounded like a love-song. I asked him to repeat the song to me; this he modestly declined to do for a long time, but at last he gave way, and began:—

My love is gone to Dekhan, and has left me alone:

I have gone to him to entreat him.

"What is it to me that thou shouldst become a Raja at Azrabad?"†

I seized him by the skirt of his garment and said: "Look at me!"

Here old Piro stopped, and neither for love nor for money could I prevail upon him to go on; his *répertoire* was exhausted. But my interest had been awakened, and from that night I resolved to collect what I could of the Afghan popular poetry. The field was new and unexplored: English people in India care little for Indian songs.

I had gone to the border to study the Afghan language and literature, but I had soon to recognize that the so-called Afghan literature is hardly worth the trouble of a journey from Paris to Peshawer. It consists mainly of imitations and translations from the Persian, Arabic, and Hindustani. For a time, under the Moguls, an original and free spirit permeated those imitations, and Mirza Ansari, the mystical poet, or Khushhal Khan, prince of the Khatak tribe, would be accounted a true poet in any nation and any literature. But these are rare exceptions, and the theological lucubrations of the much-revered Akhun Darveza, that narrow, foul-mouthed, rancorous, and truly pious exponent of Afghan orthodoxy, the endless *rifacimenti* of Hatim Tai, the most liberal of Arabs, of Ali Hamza and the companions of the Prophet, or the ever-retold edifying story of Joseph and Zuleikha, all seem as if they had been written or copied by mediæval monks or unimaginative children.

The popular, unwritten poetry, though despised and ignored by the reading classes, is of quite a different character. It is the work of illiterate poets; but it

* As life and property are not very safe at Peshawer, it is usual to keep an armed watchman, called *chaukidar*.

† Hyderabad, a favorite place of resort for Afghan adventurers and *soldats de fortune*.

represents *their* feelings; it has life in it — the life of the people; it is simple, because the natural range of ideas of an Afghan is simple and limited; it is true to nature, because it represents those ideas without any moral bias or literary afterthought. Sometimes, therefore, it is powerful and beautiful, because it renders simply and truly powerful passions or beautiful feelings.

During a few months' stay on the border I collected about one hundred and twenty songs* of every description — love-songs, folklore, hymns, romantic songs, and political ballads. If we want to know what an Afghan is, let us put all books aside and receive his own unconscious confession from the lips of his favorite poets. The confession, I am afraid, would not be much to their honor on the whole, but it will be the more sincere. This is the value of the wild, unpremeditated accents of these people; a poor thing it is, but it expresses their nature.

I.

THE AFGHANS AND THE DUMS.

THE Afghans † are divided into three independent groups:—

1. The Afghans under British rule, or what we may call the queen's Afghans, who inhabit the border districts along the Indus, Dera Ismail Khan, Bannu, Kohat, Peshawar, and Hazara. They were conquered in 1849, with the Sikhs, their then masters.

2. The Afghans of Afghanistan proper, or the emir's Afghans; the only part of the race that forms something like an organized power.

3. The Afghans of Yaghistan, "the rebel or independent country;" that is to say, those Afghans who do not belong either to the British raj or to the emir, but live in the native national anarchy in the western basin of the upper Indus — Svat, Buner, Panjkora, Dher, etc. The Afghan of Yaghistan is the true, unsophisticated Afghan.

Our songs were collected in the British districts of Peshawar and Hazara, but most of them express, nevertheless, the general views of the Afghans to whatever part they belong; for though there is no real nationality amongst the Afghans, yet there is a strongly marked national char-

acter, and though nothing is more offensive to an Afghan than another Afghan, still there is nothing so much like an Afghan as another. Moreover, many of these songs come from Yaghistan, or Afghanistan. Songs travel quickly; the thousands of *powindas* that every year pass twice across the Suleiman range, bringing the wealth of Central Asia and carrying back the wealth of India, bring also and carry back all the treasures of the Afghan muse on both sides the mountain; and a new song freshly flown at Naushehra, from the lips of Mohammed the oil-presser, will very soon be heard upon the mountains of Buner, or down the valley of the Helmand.

There are two sorts of poets: the *sha-ir* and the *dum*. With the *sha-ir* we have nothing to do; he is the literary poet, who can read, who knows Hafiz and Saadi, who writes Afghan ghazals on the Persian model, who has composed a *divan*. Every educated man is a *sha-ir*, though, if he be a man of good taste, he will not assume the title; writing ghazal was one of the accomplishments of the old Afghan chiefs. Hafiz Rahmat, the great Rohilla captain, Ahmed Shah, the founder of the Durani empire, had written *divans*, were "*divan people*" — *ahli divan*, as the expression runs. The *sha-ir* may be a clever writer, he may be a fine writer; but he has nothing to teach us about his people. We may safely dismiss him with honor and due respect.

The *dum* is the popular singer and poet, for he combines the two qualities, like our *jongleur* of the Middle Ages. The *dums* form a caste; the profession is hereditary. The *dum* is despised by the people with literary pretensions, who fly into a passion when one of these ignorant fellows, flushed with success, dubs himself a *sha-ir*. He is not a Pathan by race, though he has been *Pathanized*; he is a low sort of creature, whom the khans and sardars treat as the mediæval barons might have treated the itinerant *jongleur* — despised, insulted, honored, liberally paid, intensely popular amongst the people.

The novice *dum* goes to a celebrated *dum*, who is a master, an *ustad*; he becomes his disciple, his *shagird*. The master teaches him first his own songs, then the songs of the great *dums* of the present and past generations. The *ustad* takes his *shagirds* with him to the festivities to which he has been asked, private or public, profane or religious; he takes them to the *hujra*, the "common house" or town hall of the village, where idlers

* To be published, with text, translation, and commentary, in the Bibliothèque Orientale of the French Asiatic Society.

† *Afghan* is their Persian name; their Indian name is *Pathan*; their national name *Pukhtun* or *Pushtun*.

and travelling guests meet every night to hear the news that is going round, and listen to any man that has a tale to tell or a song to sing. The *ustad* pockets half the sum given by the host, and the other half is divided between the shagirds. When a shagird feels he can compose for himself and is able to achieve a reputation, he leaves his master and becomes himself an *ustad*. I am sorry to say that dums generally are not over-sensitive about literary honesty; plagiarism is rife among them. A dum will readily sing, as his own, songs of the dead or the living. It is the custom that poets should insert their names in the last line; you have only to substitute your own name for the name of the real author or of the former plagiarist; people will not applaud you the less, though of course the injured party may retort with a satire or a stab. A good dum may die a rich man; Mira would hardly open his mouth anywhere under fifty rupees. He was an illiterate man; he could not read, but he knew by heart a wonderful number of songs, and could improvise. You would ask him for a song in a certain shade of feeling; then he would go out with his men, and an hour afterwards they would come back and sing a beautiful chorus on the *rebab*. His song of "Zakhmé" is sung wherever there are Afghans, as far as Rampor in Rohilkhand, and Hyderabad of Dekhan, and sets them a-dancing as soon as the first notes are struck. It was sung at the Ravul Pindi interview as the national song of the Afghans, though it is nothing more — or rather, nothing less — than a love-song. An Irish journalist — Mr. Grattan Geary, of the *Bombay Gazette* — was struck with its melody, and had it printed. It is, I believe, the only Afghan song that has ever been published.*

The people piously inclined object to song, among the Afghans as well as elsewhere; and the mollahs inveigh against the dums. There is only one occasion when even a mollah will approve of the song of a dum; it is when the Crusade, or, as the Anglo-Indians say, the Crescentade, has been proclaimed; then is the time for the dum to rehabilitate himself, as he sings the glories of the sacred war, the bliss reserved to the *ghazi*, the roses that grow for him in the groves above, and the black-eyed houis that come from heaven and give the dying man to drink of the sherbet of martyrdom. But in spite

of the mollahs, the dum is as popular in his profane as in his semi-sacred character. Song is a passion with the Afghans; in fact one of the few noble passions with which he is endowed. Whenever three Afghans meet together, there is a song between them. In the *hujra*, during the evening conversation, a man rises up, seizes a *rebab*, and sings, sings on. Perhaps he is under prosecution for a capital crime; perhaps to-morrow he will be hunted to the mountain, sent to the gallows; what matters? Every event of public or private life enters song at once, and the dums are the journalists of the Afghans. I fancy the dum of to-day has preserved for us faithfully enough a picture of what the bard was with the Gauls.

II.

AFGHAN HONOR.

THE supreme law for the Afghan is honor; they have the idea, and have a word for it: *nangi Pukhtāna*, or Afghan honor. But the word does not convey with them the same ideas as with us, and needs explanation. The *nangi Pukhtāna* includes a number of laws, of which the chief are *nanavatai*, *badal*, and *mailmas-tai*; that is to say, law of asylum, law of revenge, and law of hospitality.

"By *nanavatai*, or 'the entering in,' the Pukhtun is expected, at the sacrifice of his own life and property if necessary, to shelter and protect any one who in extremity may flee to his threshold, and seek an asylum under his roof."* As soon as you have crossed the threshold of an Afghan you are sacred to him, though you were his deadly foe, and he will give up his own life to save yours; as soon as you are out he resumes his natural right to take your life by every means in his power, fair or foul.

You know of the dramatic tale by Prosper Mérimée, of the Corsican father shooting his own child because he has shown to the gendarmes the room where an outlaw had hidden himself. The Afghans have the same tale, but a degree higher in dramatic horror, because here it is the son that does justice upon his father. It is the tale of "Adam Khan and Durkhani," a tale that has been popular for more than a century, has inspired, and still inspires, many poets; it is, in fact, one of the subjects that every poet must treat. There are of course an infinite number of versions; I give here the one that was sung

* Two songs have been translated by Mr. Thorburn in his book on Bannu, and another by Col. Raverty in the introduction to his Afghan grammar.

* H. W. Bellew, Yusufzais, p. 212.

to me, in September last year, at Abbotabad, by the poet Burhan, son of the poet Nadir.

Durkhani was in love with Adam Khan, and they had pledged their faith to one another; but Durkhani's father had promised her hand to the hated Payavai. The lovers determined to flee together.

They left by night, and stopped in the house of Pirmamai. Of many villages Pirmamai was the lord.

Pirmamai's son, Gujarkhan, was the friend of Adam Khan: they had in days before exchanged turbans together.

Gujarkhan's renown of prowess extended far and wide; there was no man in Mandan who was a match for him.

Durkhani said: "Uncle Pirmamai, take us under your guard; if Payavai carries me away, my life is ruined."

Pirmamai: "Fear not, Durkhani! I shall not deliver thee without struggle unto the hands of Payavai.

"I have a hundred horsemen, covered with cuirass, all men of war; I have twelve hundred men, with their guns ready.

"They will all of them give up their lives under thy eyes; he shall not carry thee from me — what dost thou fear?"

Durkhani said to Pirmamai: "Thou art the master; I have entered into thy courtyard; thou art my father."

Pirmamai said: "Durkhani, be not afraid. Between thee and me here is the Lord as witness."

Pirmamai took a solemn oath, and Adam Khan and Durkhani trusted him.

Payavai pursues them, and sends before him a messenger to Pirmamai. The messenger takes his seat tranquilly near Pirmamai, and says: "I am come from Payavai. He says to you: 'Give me up Durkhani; here are six hundred rupees.'" Pirmamai tried the rupees, and treasured them in his house, and was one in heart with Payavai.

Adam Khan had gone to a hunting party; Pirmamai sends Gujarkhan to Mahaban; Payavai arrives; Pirmamai enters the room of Durkhani, and says: "Durkhani, quick, get up; the enemy is come; all my men have been hanged." "For pity's sake," cries Durkhani, "give me not up. The Pukhtuns keep their word; they are under the law of honor." "You speak in vain," shouts Pirmamai; "Payavai is too useful to me." She cries, she struggles, she curses him. "The man without honor will be despised; that word will be remembered to the day of resurrection."

Gujarkhan was coming home from his journey: the skirts of his turban were floating from his shoulders.

A man told him: "Gujarkhan, thy father has given up Durkhani to Payavai: Payavai has carried her a prisoner."

Gujarkhan cried out: "Where is my father? Tell me: fire goes out of my body."

Pirmamai stood under the shelter of a wall; he himself heard these words.

Quickly he sprang upon his horse and fled away; sweat ran down from his forehead out of fear.

Gujarkhan galloped upon a white horse; he let him loose behind Pirmamai; he let the two reins lie on the neck of the horse.

He ran ten miles. O my friends! the spittle grew dry in the mouth of Pirmamai.

Gujarkhan reached him with the end of his lance, and Pirmamai's ribs were pierced through from side to side.

Pirmamai rolled down from his horse to earth: Pirmamai cried, and entreated Gujarkhan.

Pirmamai said: "O Gujarkhan! I am thy father: the deed that I wrought was done out of sheer madness."

Gujarkhan said: "I swear it, I will not spare thee; thou hast covered with shame generations of Pathans."

He drew out his Iranian sword, and hewed him down; Pirmamai's bones were ground into powder.

Gujarkhan galloped back on his white horse, and disappeared: Pirmamai's flesh was devoured by jackals.

What are the feelings of an Afghan listening to the tale of horror? The poet himself, like the chorus of antique tragedy, gives expression to the verdict of public conscience in one word, without appeal. Burhan says: "Gujarkhan has done a Pathan's deed."

Badal,* or revenge, is the soul of Afghan life. All the history of Afghanistan, both public and private, is one continued tale of *vendetta*. However, it chances that I have not in my collection any song of *vendetta* illustrating this side of Afghan life in a manner sufficiently characteristic to deserve quotation. Suffice it to say that *vendetta* is with the Afghans what it is with the Corsicans, the Albanians, all primitive mountaineers; it is hereditary and not to be prescribed.

Even on British territory the law is powerless against the *badal*; it is one of the crimes for which no witness will be found to speak before the judge in *kachchri*. There is hardly an Afghan in the mountain who has not a foe who aims at his head, and at whose head he aims. It

* *Badal*, or retaliation, must be exacted for every and the slightest personal injury or insult, or for damage to property. Where the avenger takes the life of his victim in retaliation for the murder of one of his relatives, it is termed *kisās*. (Bellew, *loc. cit.*)

happens not seldom that an Afghan Sepoy from Yaghistan — many Afghans from over the border enlist in the native contingent — asks for leave for private business; that means that there is up there some wolf's head which he has to take. There is a story of an Afghan Sepoy, who, having not joined his *paltan* in due time, complained bitterly of the iniquity of his officer, who had dismissed him from service: "I had a duty of badal to perform; I had a foe to kill. The scamp absconded for weeks; what could I do?"

Mailmastai is a virtue of a less stern character; it is hospitality in the widest meaning of the word. The Afghan is bound to feed and shelter any traveller who knocks at his door; even infidels have a claim upon his hospitality. The laws of *mailmastai* are binding on the commune as well as on the individual; the *hujra* is the home of those who have no home. Even in British districts the chief of the village, the *malik* or *lambaradar*, raises a special revenue — the *malba*, or hospitality tax — for the entertainment of passing travellers. Whether rich or poor, the duty is the same for all. The poor entertain poorly, the rich richly. It happens not seldom that they run into debt, and fall a prey to the Hindu money-lender, for fear they should deserve the name of a *shûm*, a miser — the worst insult to an Afghan, especially to an Afghan of high rank. Old Afzal Khan, of Jamalgarhi, of the royal family of the Khataks, will be remembered for a long time amongst his people because he was a *shûm*, and poet Mahmud sang a cruel song of him. Here is his story; it is the old story of the end of a great name.

Afzal Khan was born in the first years of this century; he is descended in direct line from the prince of the Khataks, Khushhal Khan, the great warrior and great poet, who for years in his mountains defied Aurengzeb and the Mogul empire, and "who, as he boasts, was the first to raise his standard in the field of Afghan song, and subjugated the empire of words under the hoof of his battle-steed." About 1830 his cousin, Khavâs Khan, received the investiture of Akora at the hands of Runjet Singh, the Sikh suzerain of the now British Afghans; Afzal Khan stabbed him with his own hand on his way home from Lahore. He rendered service during the mutiny; his income was 3,629 rupees, 822 of which were a pension from government for loyal service. Afzal Khan was a rich man; he had a great name; he

had in his house the original manuscripts of Khushhal Khan; he had his enemies' blood on his hand; he had everything necessary to deserve him the esteem of his own people; but he was a *shûm*, and Mahmud has made his name immortal in a satire. This satire is in the form of a dialogue between pupil and master, shagird and ustad:

PUPIL: At Jamalgarhi lives Afzal Khan.

MASTER: Tell me about him. He boastfully praises himself and his sons every moment.

PUPIL: No guest is welcome to him.

MASTER: May God, therefore, bring distress upon him!

PUPIL: Yes, ever invoke a curse upon a miser!

MASTER: He is evil-natured, evil-tongued, evil-mannered; there never was, never will be, a miser such as he.

PUPIL: When from a distance he sees a guest coming,

MASTER: He says to him: "Wherefore do you come?"*

PUPIL: He kills him with questions from head to foot.

MASTER: He has no fear, no respect of the Lord.

PUPIL: He never lets a guest rest on a bed in the *hujra*.

MASTER: His mouth is always open as an empty well.

PUPIL: He who will cut him into pieces,

MASTER: Will be a Ghazi, and it is a scamp he will kill.

PUPIL: He has no teeth, his mouth is black as an oven.

MASTER: Let him vanish from my eyes; he sets all his kith and kin a-blushing.

PUPIL: There will never be such a shameless fellow as Afzal Khan.

MAHMUD says: I wag my tongue upon him freely in the bazaar.

The curse of the poet was not lost. Last year, in May, I saw the poor old scamp, in chains, pleading for his life before the sessions judge in Kachehri. He was charged with traitorous murder; his two sons and two servants were with him in the dock. As witnesses were speaking, the five accused men did not cease from muttering prayers and telling their beads, in order to make the depositions harmless and turn the heart of the judge in their favor. Afzal Khan was acquitted, but one of his sons and one of his servants were sentenced to death. When I left, the appeal was pending at Lahore. I am afraid by this time the grandson of Khushhal Khan has been dangling for a long time; the English in India have a foible for

* A question never to be asked from a guest until his needs have been attended to.

hanging big people; it sets a good example.

I must say that public opinion amongst the natives underwent a revulsion in favor of Afzal Khan. They would have welcomed with pleasure the news that the old shûm had been stabbed by any man of his kith and kin; but it was hard to see justice done upon him by a Firangi. Besides, the murdered man had spoken slightly of Afzal Khan's daughter-in-law.* That murder was the only fine trait in his life, the redeeming feature.

III.

AFGHAN HONOR.

WHAT the Afghan honor is, we know; the ballad of Muqarrab Khan will teach us what it is not.

Muqarrab Khan is the ideal of the Afghan politician in Yaghistan. He was the chief of the Khedu Kheil, an important tribe, divided into two clans, the Bam Kheil and the Osman Kheil. He succeeded his father Fattah Khan, in 1841, at Penjar, and helped the English during the annexation of Penjab. He took refuge with them in 1857, as his subjects had expelled him on account of his tyranny. He lived a long time at Peshawar on an allowance of three rupees a day. Then he entered into negotiations with the Amazai tribe, and with their help retook Penjar in 1874. His enemies submitted; the *Jirga*,† composed of eighty men, came to receive him. The Coran was brought for them to take their oath upon it. Just at that moment the Amazais broke into the hall, and all the Jirga was massacred. After many vicissitudes, again an exile and a conqueror, turn by turn, he came once more, two years ago, to sit a refugee at the hearth of the English. The commissioner, Colonel Waterfield, gave him a plot of ground on free rent. "The old man is so old," said the commissioner to me, "that it will not long be a charge upon the budget of India."

Here is the tale of the massacre, as told by the poet Aarsal:—

Firoz ‡ said to the Jirga: "We will make peace at present for policy's sake. We will send away the Amazais, the Khan will remain alone, and then he will hear what we have to say."

* "The abuse or slander of a man's female relations is only to be wiped out in the blood of the slanderer, and not unfrequently the slandered one, whether the calumny be deserved or not, is murdered to begin with." (Bellevue, Yusufzais, p. 214.)

† The Council of the Elders.

‡ The chief of the anti-Muqarrab party.

The Jirga made peace; but a thought of treason lay in the heart of each of them; "We will sack Ghazikot." Ghazan was a partisan of the Khan; he informed him of the plot.

Ghazan informed him to the full of all that was going on; he told him: "Put not thy trust in them; the Jirga has decreed thy death. Slaughter them each and all, that thou mayest have no longer to weary thyself concerning them!"

The Jirga and the Khan met together. My support is in the merciful God! With them were Ghulam and Sheik Husein: may their face be black before the Lord!

The Khan said: "Firoz! Thou committest treason every day. Take me to Penjar! I, the prince of this land, go from door to door as a beggar."

Firoz answered: "Thou art our Khan. Come, make no havoc amongst us. We will bring back prosperity to thy house. We will give thee Penjar. Between us and thee here is the Coran."

The Khan said frankly: "You take oath in my hands now, and yet you will afterwards conspire against me. You will betray me when my army is dispersed."

The Jirga answered: "Why should we play the traitor? Thou art our Khan forever."

The two chiefs kissed one another, they sat down in the midst of the Jirga. . . . The Amazais broke in, a tumult arises, all disperse. The Khan has broken his promise, belied his own word. It has made all the world deaf and blind.

The Khedu Kheil had been taken unawares; they did not understand what was being done; they were put to the sword, O my friend. *This* was written in their destiny.

With the help of the Amazais, the Khan slaughtered the Khedu Kheil. There was mercy for no one; no one escaped. Amongst the victims was Mairu, who was the *malik* of the Mada Kheil; he was cut to pieces with the Persian swords.

The night went. In the morning the news spread. *Some were indignant, some were glad.* It was a great sorrow with the Osman Kheil; their time has passed away.

The poet does not precisely approve of Muqarrab; but if you look coldly at things, who is the good Afghan who in his stead would not have done the same? In the struggle for life, a man's word is only a weapon, and an oath is a hunting-net as good as any other or better. The Jirga of the Khedu Kheil had forgotten that terrible maxim of their nation: "When thou hast reconciled thyself with thy foe, then beware of him."

IV.

THE KLEPHT.

THE Afghans have a noble maxim, worthy of any Stoic: "If thou hast, eat;

if thou hast not, die."* Unfortunately they do not live up to it, and in practice it becomes: "If thou hast, eat; if thou hast not, take." The ideal of a man is to live upon his neighbor. The Afridis of the Khaiber Pass lived for centuries upon the plunder of the caravans, till the British government enlisted these hereditary robbers as regular gendarmes, and compounded for their right of plunder by a regular annuity. The Ghilzais, who are just now making life rather uneasy to the emir, proudly interpret their name as "son of robber," and live according to the etymology. When a child is born, his mother bores a hole through the mud wall of the hut, and makes it pass through, saying: "*Ghalzai*—be a good robber, my child." The Kashmiris, who were for seventy years under the Afghan yoke, have described in one line the morals of those strictest among Musulmans, and the worst amongst plunderers: "To pray is piety (*qarz*), to prey is duty (*fars*)."

In the British territory, though the idea of law and order has made remarkable progress and people who formerly were wont to settle their quarrels according to the prescriptions of the nangi Pukhtana, are not seldom willing to have them brought to Kachehri, yet the klept is still a national hero, and a favorite subject with popular poets. One died three or four years ago, whose name is still on the lips of all. This is his story as it was told to me.

Naim Shah was born near Cherat, a military station in the Khatak Mountains. His brother was insulted by the Sikh Phul Singh, who was *kotwal*, or chief of the police-station, at Naushehra, an important cantonment on the Kabul River, with two regiments. He lodged a complaint with the British commandant; the complaint was discarded; then he applied for justice to his brother. Naim Shah wrote to the kotwal, saying: "You have harmed my brother, I will harm you." The kotwal and the general laughed; but on the same night Naim Shah broke into the town with a hundred men, looted it, entered the *kotwali*, sat as a judge, had time enough to have one of his enemies sentenced and shot. The noise awakens the commandant, who arrives from the distant cantonment just in time to see him fleeing down the river. He pursues him there for hours in vain. "Naim Shah was not a fish to hide himself in the river;" he was

a man of the mountain, and was already safe in his Khatak den, while they were still hunting him down the river.

Once upon a time Naim Shah met "the General Sáb."* The general was one of his great admirers; he said to him: "Will you enter my service?" "With pleasure," was the answer; "but you must first put to death the kotwal of Naushehra." The general objected to the condition, and the negotiation was stopped; but he sent him, as a token of esteem, a gun, a sword, a pistol, two hundred rupees, and a milch cow. Naim Shah was touched with the proceedings; but this did not prevent his slaughtering an entire picket at Chahkot; he retired peacefully, carrying with him some twenty Martini guns—quite a fortune for a poor Afghan robber.

The government at last had recourse to the unfailing method; they put a prize of three thousand rupees on his head. Naim Shah, taken by surprise while asleep, at Kohi, was wounded to death before he could defend himself. All the poets mourned his death; here is one of their songs, equal to any of the klept songs in Fauriel:—

They fell down upon him unawares, he was captured;

Naim Sháh was the falcon of the black mountains, he was the man of the great heart. The report of the guns burst unexpectedly upon him.

It was the hand of God that fired the guns, for he was stronger than a Nawab. He opened his eyes from his sleep, and this time the Tiger's shot missed.

The Tiger spoke in this manner: "O that the fight were in the open field! This is the regret left in my heart." Death had taken him to Kohi: who could help him?

Death said: "Go not further: here is the place, under this vine." The foes came upon him from above, from below; they were men without the fear of God. He gave up the ghost.

What Fate has written cannot be altered: they were men without the fear of God.

May curses rain upon them!

As he had still breath left in his body, the Thánadár † came by.

The Thánadár said to him: "Tell me, why did you sleep untimely? So did the guns devour thee from afar."

He expounded the matter to the Thánadár, and breathed his last.

He expounded all the matter as it stood. They took him to the *koti* ‡ at Peshawer. All people heard the news: they looked at

* Sáb, the popular pronunciation for Sáhíb.

† The chief of the police-station.

‡ Police-station.

* Thorburn, Bannu.

the face of Nám Sháh: * all the people of the town were there.

All the people met at the koti: O hero, thy house is empty! No hero ever will appear who is like unto Nám Sháh. The Engriz Government was sorry for his death.†

His mother came out of the house,‡ she stood before the Engriz, bareheaded. I am sorrowful for it; black, black is my grief!

YASIN says: they heaped the earth above him.

V.

LOVE AND FAMILY SONGS.

LOVE-SONGS are plentiful with the Afghans, though whether they are acquainted with love is rather doubtful. Woman with the Afghans is a purchasable commodity; she is not wooed and won with her own consent, she is bought from her father. The average price of a young and good-looking girl is from about three to five hundred rupees. To reform the ideas of an Afghan upon that matter would be a desperate task. When Seid Ahmed, the great Wahabi leader, the prophet, leader, and king of the Yusufzai Afghans, tried to abolish the marriage by sale, his power fell at once, he had to flee for his life, and died an outlaw. There is no song in the world so sad and dismal as that which is sung to the bride by her friends. They come to congratulate — no, to console her, like Jephthah's daughter; they go to her, sitting in a corner, and sing: —

You remain sitting in a corner and cry to us.
What can we do for you?

Your father has received the money.

All of love that the Afghan knows is jealousy. All crimes are said to have their cause in one of the three *s's*: *sar*, *samin*, or *san* — money, earth, or woman; the third *s* is in fact the most frequent of the three causes.

The Afghan love-song is artificial; the Afghan poet seems to have been at the school of the Minnesinger or the troubadours. It is the same *mißvererie* which seems almost to amuse itself with its love — more witty than passionate, a play of imagination more than a cry of the heart. They would have felt with Petrarch or Heine, *si parva licet componere magnis*. There is much of the *conveniu* and of the poetical commonplace in their songs, as there is in those of their elder

* "Nequeunt expleri corda tuende,

Os hominis," etc.

But here even Hercules feels with Cacus.

† Of course they would have liked to keep him alive for the gallows.

‡ A thing which an Afghan woman never does.

brothers in Europe. You will hardly find one in which you do not meet the clinking of the *pezvan* (the ring in the nose of the Afghan beauty), the blinking of the gold *muhurs* dangling from her hair, the radiance of the green mole in her cheek; and the flames of separation, and the begging of the beggar, the dervish at her door, come as pilgrim of love; and the sickness of the sick waiting for health at her hand; and the warbling of the *tuti*,* sighing by night for his beloved *khara* bird. Yet, in the long run, one finds a charm in these rather affected strains, though not the direct, straightforward, all-possessing rapture of simple and sincere emotion. It is difficult to give in a translation an idea of that charm, as it can hardly be separated from the simple, monotonous tune ever recurring, as well as from the rich and high-sounding rhyme for which the Afghan poet has the instinct of a modern Parnassian. The most popular love-songs are those of Mira of Peshawer, Tavakkul of Jelalabad, and Mohammed Taila, of Naushehra. Here is the world-known "Zakhmé" of Mira: —

1. I am sitting in sorrow, wounded with the stab of separation, low low!
She carried back my heart in her talons, when she came to-day, my bird *khara*, low low!
2. I am ever struggling, I am red with my blood, I am your dervish.
My life is a pang. My love is my doctor; I am waiting for the remedy, low low!
3. She has a pomegranate on her breast, she has sugar on her lips, she has pearls for her teeth:
All this she has, my beloved one; I am wounded in my heart, and therefore I am a beggar that cries, low low!
4. It is due that I should be your servant; have a thought for me, my soul, ever and ever.
Evening and morning I lie at thy door; I am the first of thy lovers, low low!
5. Mira is thy slave, his *salâm* is on thee; thy tresses are his net, thy place is Paradise; put in thy cage thy slanderer.
6. He who says a ghazal and says it on the tune of another man, he can call himself a thief at every ghazal he says. — This word of mine is truth.

I shall give only one other ghazal, which derives a particular interest from the personality of its author, as well as from a touch of reverie and quaint lunacy, rarely met in Afghan poetry. As I visited the prison of Abbotabad, in company with

* The *tuti* is the Indian parrot; he is supposed to be in love with the *maina* bird, which the Afghans called *khara*.

the assistant commissioner Mr. P., I saw there a man who had been sentenced to several months' imprisonment for breaking a Hindu's leg in a drunken brawl. The man was not quite sane; he told Mr. P. that he was not what he was supposed to be; that he was a king, and ought to be put on the *gadi*. His name was Mohammadji. Next day I was surprised to hear from a native that Mohammadji was a poet, an itinerant poet from Pakli, who more than once had been in trouble with justice, for he was rather a disorderly sort of poet. Here is a ballad, written by the prisoner, which is quite a little masterpiece, "in a sensuous, elementary way—half Baudelaire, half Song of Solomon:—"

Last night I strolled through the bazar of the black locks; I foraged, like a bee, in the bazar of the black locks.*

Last night I strolled through the grove of the black locks; I foraged, like a bee, through the sweetness of the pomegranate.

I bit my teeth into the virgin chin of my love; then I breathed up the smell of the garland from the neck of my Queen, from her black locks.

Last night I strolled in the bazar of the black locks; I foraged . . .

You have breathed up the smell of my garland, O my friend, and therefore you are drunk with it; you fell asleep, like Bahrám on the bed of Sarasia.† Then thereafter, there is one who will take your life, because you have played the thief upon my cheeks. He is so angry with you, the *chaukidar* of the black locks.

Last night . . .

Is he so angry with me, my little one? God will keep me, will he not?

Stretch out, as a staff,‡ thy long black locks, wilt thou not?

Give me up thy white face, satiate me like the Tuti, wilt thou not?

For once let me loose through the granary of the black locks.

Last night . . .

I shall let you, my friend, into the garden of the white breast.

But after that you will rebel from me and go scornfully away.

And yet when I show my white face the light of the lamp vanishes.

O Lord! give me the beauty of the black locks.

Last night . . .

The Lord gave thee the peerless beauty. Look upon me, my enchanting one! I am thy servant.

Yesterday, at the dawn of day, I sent to thee the messenger. The snake bit me to the heart, the snake of thy black locks.

Last night . . .

I will charm the snake with my breath; my little one, I am a charmer.

But I, poor wretch, I am slandered in thine honor.

Come, let us quit Pakli, I hold the wicked man* in horror.

I give to thee full power over the black locks.

MOHAMMADJI has full power over the poets in Pakli.

He raises the tribute, he is one of the Emirs of Delhi.

He rules his kingdom, he governs it with the black locks.

Last night I strolled through the bazar of the black locks; I foraged, like a bee, through the bazar of the black locks.

Poor Mohammadji, as you may see from the last stanza, was already seized with the mania of *grandsieurs* before he entered the prison at Abbottabad, though he dreamed as yet only of poetical royalty. If these lines ever reach Penjab, and find there any friend of poetry amongst the powers that be, may I be allowed to recommend to their merciful aid the poor poet of Pakli, a being doubly sacred, a poet and a *divana*,† and one who thus doubly needs both mercy for his faults and help through life.

There is a poetical *genre* peculiar to Afghan poetry: it is the *misra*.‡ The *misra* is a *distique*, that expresses one idea, one feeling, and is a complete poem by itself. Poets, in poetical *assaults*, vie with one another in quoting or improvising *misras*. They refer generally to love and love affairs, and some are exquisitely simple:—

My love does not accept the flower from my hand; I will send her the stars of Heaven in a *firga*.

Thy image appears to me in my dreams, I awake in the night and cry till the morning.

I told him, There is such a thing as separation, and my friend burst into laughter till he grew green.

When the perfume of thy locks comes to me, it is the morning that comes to me, and I blossom like the rose.

O letter, blessed be thy fate! Thou art going to see my beloved.

* Her husband.

† A lunatic.

‡ A friend points to the remarkable similarity of the Afghan *misra* with the *stornello* in the popular poetry of Italy.

* See Baudelaire, *La Chevelure* (Les Fleurs du Mal, xxiv.).

† An allusion to a popular tale of Bahrám Sháh-záda.

‡ To protect me.

My honor and my name, my life and my wealth — I will give everything for the eyes of my beloved.

Strike my head, plunder my goods, but let me see the eyes of the one I love, and I will give my blood.

Red are thy lips, white are thy teeth, so that at thy sight the angels of heaven are confounded.

— Red are my lips, white are my teeth; they are thine. To the others the dust of the earth!

O my soul! at last thou wilt become dust; for I have seen the eyes of my friend, and they were friendly no more.

Were there a narrow passage to the dark niche in the grave, I should go and offer flowers to my love.

O master builder! his grave was too well made; and my friend will stay as long as time lasts.

Of the inner family life popular song is rather reticent. Of the brutality of man, the slavery of woman, the harsh voice, the insult, the strokes, the whipping at the post, the fits of mad jealousy without love, it has nothing to say. Women, however, have also their poetry and their poets, the *duman*; but that poetry goes hardly out of the walls of the harem. I was fortunate enough to gather some fragments of it, though less than I should have liked. A child is a child even to an Afghan mother:—

Your two large eyes are like the stars of heaven:

Your white face is like the throne of Shah Jahan:

Your two tender delicate arms are like blades of Iran:

And your slender body is like the standard of Solomon.

My life for you! Do not cry!

O Lord! give me a son who says, "Papa! papa!"

Let his mother wash him in milk!

Let her rub him with butter!

They will call him to the mosque.

The Molla will teach him reading,

And the students will kiss him.

Dear, dear child! a flower in your hat!
It shines like a sprig of gold!

The following is a nursery rhyme which I believe is unparalleled in the whole of the nursery literature; it is history as well as a lullaby.

In the time of the Sikh domination, I am told, a Sikh carried away by force a

Yusufzai girl, and took her to Lahore. Her brothers went in search of her, and found at last, after a year, the place where she lived. She had a child by the Sikh. She recognized them from the window, put the child in the cradle, and while her husband was drunk asleep, she rocked the child with a lullaby in which she informed her brothers of all they had to do. The Sikhs are gone, but the lullaby is still sung:—

*Swing, swing, zangutai!** Come not, ye robbers. Come not by the lower side: come by the upper side, sweet and low.

Swing, swing, zangutai! There are two dogs inside; I have tied them with rims.

Swing, swing, zangutai! There is a little basket inside, full with sovereigns.

Swing, swing, zangutai! There is a bear† asleep; come quickly therefore.

Swing, swing, zangutai! If he becomes aware of you, there will be no salvation in your distress.

Swing, swing, zangutai! The infidel is a drunkard, he does not perceive the noise.

Swing, swing, zangutai!

But every life must end with *voceros*.

During the agony all the family surround the dying, and repeat the sacred formula, *Ashhadu*: "I bear witness that Allah is God, and there is no other God. I bear witness that Mohammed is his servant and apostle." Thus the dying soul is kept in the remembrance of God, and brought to repeat the *Ashhadu*, and dies in confessing God, and is saved. In the moment when his soul goes, an angel comes, and converses with him, questions him, and, recognizing a good Mussulman, says: "Thy faith is perfect." Then the men leave the room; the women sit around the dying bed; the daughter, sister, or wife of the deceased, standing before the dead, repeats the *vocero* for an hour, and at each time the chorus of women answer with a long, piercing lamentation, that thrills through the hearts of the men in the courtyard, and creates the due sorrow.

Here are some of the *voceros*; a mere translation cannot of course render the effect of those simple plaints, which derive most of their power from the accent and the mere physical display of emotion.

For a father:—

Alas! alas! my father!

I shall see you no more on the road.

The world has become desolate to you forever.

For a mother:—

* *Zangutai*: berceausette in English.

† Her husband.

O my mother ! the rose-hued,
You kept me so tenderly,
I shed for you tears of blood.

For a husband : —

You were the lord of my life :
Then to me a king was a beggar :
This was the time when I was a queen.

For a daughter : —

O my daughter ! so much caressed,
Whom I had kept so tenderly,
Now you have deserted me,
This world is the place of sorrow.

VI.

AFGHAN POLITICS — THE AMBELA CAMPAIGN — THE AFGHAN WAR.

ABOUT the romantic and religious literature of the Afghans there is too little or too much to say. I come at once to a subject of more particular interest : What is the echo of political events in the popular literature ?

The history of Afghanistan could be traced in songs from our days back to the days of Ahmed Shah, the founder of the Durani empire ; even further, to the time of Akbar. Not all those songs are contemporary with the events, but they embody at least an old tradition, and sometimes, through the happy habit of plagiarism, are authentic relics of the past. The wars with the Sikhs, the quarrels of the Barukzai Sardars, the crusade, miracles and death of Seid Ahmed, have all left poetical records, still preserved in the memory of the older poets of the day and soon to be buried with them. I leave these older songs of mere antiquarian interest and come to the question of actual interest : What have the poets of the more recent period to tell the people in the British districts, Afghanistan and Yaghistan ? or better, What do these people expect their poets to tell them about their masters, allies, and foes, the Engriz ?

It is characteristic of the one-sidedness of the English, that neither Kaye, the author of that otherwise beautiful and thorough history of the first Afghan war, nor Mr. Hensman, of the *Pioneer*, the reporter of the last Afghan war, seems to have had the slightest suspicion of the all-powerful influence of popular poetry in either case. Imagine a German writing a history of the French Revolution without mentioning the "Marseillaise." Songs, moreover, with singing, non-writing people, are the only reliable documents which remain to prove their true feeling. Mohammed Hayat, the assistant political

agent in Cabul during the last war, who knows the Afghans well, was not mistaken when he ascribed the rising of the Afghans in 1839 to the preaching of the mollahs and the songs of the poets. What the mollah preaches the poet sings ; and when the mollah has preached and the poet sung, the turn of speech goes soon to the gun.

I could unfortunately procure no songs of the first war ; I must pass at once to the most popular cycle of historical ballads now in existence — the cycle of the Ambela campaign. That campaign, not much known to the general English reader, I suppose, is not yet forgotten on the Punjab border, and has left amongst the Afghans more vivid recollections than even the last war, though more than twenty-five years have elapsed since then.

In 1824, as the Sikh infidels were holding the Punjab, a Seid from Bareilly, Seid Ahmed, preached a return to the primitive purity of Islam ; he established himself amongst the tribes of Yaghistan with a small band of devoted men from Hindustan, and on the 20th of December, 1826, preached the sacred war, and the conquest of the infidels from the Sikhs to the Chinese. After wonderful successes, he perished in an encounter with the Sikhs. But the colony of "Hindustani fanatics," as they are called, which he had brought with him, remained there, receiving recruits, arms, and money from their brothers in Bengal, ever ready to fight the good battle. In 1849 the British took the place of the Sikhs in the hatred of the Hindustanis as well as in the empire of Punjab. From 1850 to 1857 they had to send sixteen expeditions against the rebel camp at Sitana, whence plundering raids were continually directed across the border. In 1863, after new outrages, it was decided that an expedition should be sent to expel them from their den, and on the 19th of October a well-equipped force of seven thousand men entered the then unknown Ambela Pass, under the orders of General Chamberlain.

The Ambela Pass turns round the inextinguishable Massif of Sitana, but it belongs to neutral tribes. Chamberlain thought it inopportune to inform them of his plans, lest the Hindustanis should have time to prepare for resistance ; he hoped he could reach Sitana in a day or two, burn it down, and then retire at once into British territory. The Afghans did not view things in that light ; when they saw seven thousand men, with four thousand mules of baggage, draw near the pass they took fear ; they believed their own indepen-

dence was in danger, and blocked the road. Chamberlain was obliged to stop; four days later, the twelve thousand fighting men of Buner took the gun; and the sahib of Svat, the highest religious authority of Indian Islam, though a bitter foe to Seid Ahmed's doctrine and party, which to him smacked of Wahabism, proclaimed the sacred war. For two months all Yaghistan came pouring upon the pass; and in spite of repeated reinforcements, Chamberlain remained for weeks at the entrance of the pass without advancing a step; the English historians speak of a point that was taken, lost, and retaken three days together; it is known still amongst the Afghans by the name of *Katalgarh*, the Castle of Slaughter. The Afghans charged the gunners with sticks, and stopped with their mantles the mouths of the guns. British pluck and diplomacy at last exhausted the constancy of the allies; jealousy crept in; the coalition melted like snow; "double rupees" hastened the decomposition; and at last the Jirga of the Bunervals volunteered to guide the British army to the Hindustani camp. Chamberlain, with his new, unexpected allies, went to Sitana, burnt the camp, and came back through the fatal pass without firing a gun. But he had left at the entrance one-tenth of his army.

That campaign ended officially in a success — not a very decisive one, since the Hindustanis are still at the door, waiting for the time; but to the Afghans it was a victory of the Afghans and Islam, and they sang triumphant songs, of wild and epic eloquence, which after twenty-five years still fill the echoes of the mountain:

On the top of Katalgarh the Firangis came to long grief: there were cries of terror. Night came upon them: when they saw the Ghazis, despair fell upon them.

On the top of Katalgarh the Firangis had collected their troops; from afar the Bunervals pounced upon them like falcons; I was astounded with their rush.

The youths wore red girdles and two-colored buckles; cries rose from every side; rifle bullets rained like rain.

Rifle bullets rained as fine rain. The Deputy said to the Commissioner: "They have with them a powerful Fakir,* against whom there is no fighting." The regiments of the White† cried aloud, on account of the Pir: "When shall we be delivered? They storm our ramparts; we cannot stop the Ghazis; the sword leaves no trace upon them."

O Master! I say unto thee: "Blessed be

thy native place, the sacred land of Buner and Svat!"

The General cried out: "I have no breath left in my body. O disaster! My army is cut to pieces. I shall not endeavor again. Where is the use? In vain have I tried to reduce Svat."

O Lord! make there a *carion** out of that recreant from Lahore: he will be thrown back and broken. Some fled away on all-fours: the Ghazis butcher the others, they will not reach Chimla.

They plunge into the thickets, but they will not be saved for all that, the ruffians, the snakes. They do not dare to face the Ghazis in the fight; the Ghazis have made them flee along the valley. Islam has made a great feast upon them.

For six months† the Firangis have fought on the banks of Surkavi; they have perished wholesale. From the top of a high rock the Master has pronounced the *tekbir*, for he is the butcher that slaughters them.

To realize all the frantic eloquence of the last line, one must remember that every head of cattle that is slaughtered is supposed to be a sacrifice to Allah, and is made sacred to him with the *tekbir* — *Allah rkbar* ("God is great").

The old fakir, the sahib of Svat, was the ideal centre of the struggle. It was said that he had come riding on a horse at the head of forty thousand horsemen. As he most prudently kept at safe distance from gunshot, they said that he had the gift of making himself unseen: —

The shadow of the hero's gown overshadows the Ghazis.

Flee away, O Firangis! if you want to save your life. The Sahib comes riding and the Akuzais follow. In the Ambela ravines lie the White with their red girdles and their dishevelled hair.

The mercy of the Lord was on the Babaji,‡ for he threw back the Firangis as far as Calcutta!

Unfortunately traitors have crept amongst the Ghazis: —

Through the intercession of the Prophet and Master, accept this prayer of mine: make lame in both feet whoever makes war upon me, throw illness on his family, call calamity upon him.

Let Zaid Ullah Khan,§ of Dagar, tremble before Dagar, O Lord. It is well known in Dagar that Zaid Ullah's name is *Nihang*||

As the Ghazis had met, he went in the dead of night and made it known to the Firangis.

* A *murdar*. The infidel dies a *carion*; the faithful one dies a *shahid*, a martyr.

† In fact, for two months.

‡ The father, the sahib.

§ One of the first who deserted.

|| A crocodile; a hypocrite.

* The sahib of Svat.

† The *Gaurá*, or British troops; the native contingent are called *Kálá*, the black.

He told James : * " To-day thy life is in great danger."

James answered : " Zaid Ullah, I will heap thee with favors. Thou shalt have from me in perpetuity fivepence a day."

The last Afghan war produced also a plentiful crop of songs, though I do not find any in my collection that can compete with the savage eloquence of the Ambela songs. They breathe hate and scorn enough, but hardly anything better. Here are fragments that may give an idea of the general tone : —

The Firangi set out in a rage ; he wants to wage battle ; he has collected an army. But Havâs † has received their money, and he serves loyally the Engriz.

Havâs let himself be bought ; he is not ashamed of his bad renown. Before the Lord his forehead is black. He told Kamnari : " I shall serve thee loyally."

Havâs is a traitor ; he nourishes treason's self in his veins. Great is the glory of the Ghazis. Glory to the Ghazis ! who have solidly seized the sword.

The Lat ‡ has spread rupees with full hands ; the Ghazis cried with shame. He has filled with them the Afridis, who feed on the flesh of the dead.

The Mohmands are numerous, like dust ; the Ghazis have hurried forward with forced marches and I have sung.

But there were no chiefs, no munitions. Had they been all of one accord, had they all met on one point, had they camped at Bash Balag, the Firangis would not have taken Lal-pura.

But some went over to the worship of the recreant ; they received money from him, they became the foes of the Prophet.

For five farthings they denied Islam ; their forehead is already black for the day of doom.

Whoever is a Mussulman, whoever is of good faith in Islam, goes to the sacred war, gives up life and goods for the law of the Holy Prophet, and is not afraid of the impious.

The murder of Cavagnari — or, as they pronounce it, Kamnari — is often alluded to, generally as a fine feat of Islam. The current native report is, that an Afghan regiment came to ask their arrears of pay from the new emir, Yaqub Khan, who directed them to Cavagnari, as being the real master in Cabul. They were sent back by Cavagnari to the emir, and again by the emir to Cavagnari, who ordered his men to fire at them, though they were disarmed ; then all the city rose, and the massacre followed.

* The deputy commissioner.

† The *malik* of the Afridis, who opened the Khaiber Pass for the English.

‡ Lat, Lord ; the commander-in-chief.

Mohammed Yaqub Khan was the son of the Emir ; he was not a child — he was great, clever, and learned.

He called for Kamnari ; he gave him Bala Hissar ; * Kamnari stayed there for a few days.

A band of *ardel* † came to the castle to present a petition to Yaqub : " Our pay has been left near your father, ‡ we are in urgent need of it." Yaqub cursed them with anger. They went to Kamnari, the Infidel. The true Ghazi, it is with the sword he fills his hunger.

There was a tumult ; the Firangis were slaughtered in Cabul ; the Emir did not know of it.

The Emir was angry ; he called for the soldiers ; the soldiers said : " The massacre was done by Mohammed Jan Khan."

Mohammed Jan Khan said : " I confess it ; I have killed that madman with my own hand. I cut his throat ; my knife grew blunt."

The news came to Company. § He flew into a passion, and said : " Lat Rapat, || go at once."

Rapat went through the Kurum valley towards Cabul. May God save us from that reptile !

Rapat, like a reptile, entered the heart of Yaqub Khan ; Yaqub left Cabul.

Mohammed Yaqub, to save his life, went to Rapat, turning his back to Islam.

He made Yaqub a prisoner, he sent him down to the plain. Hindustan became his country, and he forgot his native place. Was he drunk with wine or drunk with blang ? ¶ no one knows.

But the Ghazi Mohammed Jan Khan collected the Ghazis. He went into the open field and pursued Rapat. Rapat was lost and all amazed, and he said to Mohammed Jan : " You are my lord, I am your slave."

This Mohammed Jan, whom the poet most gratuitously, I am glad to say, credits with the murder of Cavagnari, was a home-born servant of Yaqub Khan, ** and he was with the emir's brother, Ayub, the sword of the nation, as the old molla of Ghazni, Mushki Alam, was its voice and soul.

Mohammed Jan was the leader, and so was the Sâhibzâdâ Mushki Alam. Company had to mourn on that account.

Whoever has courage to fight face to face, let him slaughter that ruffian. ††

Mohammed Jan Khan stretched out the hand against Rapat ; he uncovered the locks of his head. ‡‡ May God give him victory !

* The fortress in Cabul.

† *Ardel*, a corruption of the English *orderly*.

‡ Shir Ali, the former emir, overthrown by the English.

§ John Company has survived himself in Afghanistan.

|| *Lat Rapat*, Lord Robert (Sir Frederick Roberts).

¶ *Khânazâda ghulâm*.

** When he put himself in the hands of Lat Rapat.

†† " That ruffian " is Company.

‡‡ A great insult to a Hindu.

They had many battles in Cabul — battles to the death — with gun and sword.

When he had driven them from Cabul, he marched on Ghazni; he fought a great battle. There were white men, there were black men, but he made them all blood-red.

Ayub Khan and Mohammed Khan encamped both of them in the field; they kissed one another in the battle.

Mohammed Jan fought to the last. However, when all was over and Abdulrahman was on the throne, he announced his readiness to submit and recognize the new emir. But Abdulrahman trusts more to the dead than to the living. Mohammed, enticed by the unworthy son of the sahib of Svat, Miyan Gul Kalan, presented himself to the emir, who had him put to death. But one day, as the emir was riding through the bazar of Jelalabad, he heard these lines:—

The Ghazi Mohammed Jan Khan, martyr, has passed from this world. The Emir had him put to death. He was taken by treason.

Since Emir Abdulrahman sits on the throne at Cabul, man has lost his faith in man.

The emir, stung to the quick, alighted from his elephant and did not disdain to go to the poet and apologize before him. I wonder what sort of songs are ringing now in the bazars of Ghazni and Candahar.

I shall conclude with a Persian song that was sung at Cabul in the time when General Roberts was besieged in his camp at Shirkhan; many of its lines have again an interest of actuality. To understand them one must remember that Ayub Khan, who is now again to the front, and has just left his prison at Teheran to try his chance, is the brother of the late emir Yaqub, now a prisoner in India at Dehra Dun; that little Musa Khan is the son of Yaqub, and was proclaimed emir in his place by Ayub and Mohammed Jan. If Abdulrahman falls, Musa will reign under the regency of Ayub. He has been for years the hope of the Ghazis, and popular legend is already busy about him. People from the exile court at Teheran, who come to Peshawar, tell in the bazar that he is always repeating to his uncle: "Uncle, let us declare war on the English; either they will kill me or I will deliver my father."

Yaqub Khan is the man of Right, Come, boy, and get the grapes! *

Musa Khan is the Emir of the Afghans, Come, boy . . .

* Bullets. The boy is General Roberts.

Abdul Rahman is the child of the Russians,* Come, boy . . .

Cabul has become Hindustan,† Come, boy . . . Shame will be the lot of our wives,‡ Come, boy . . .

But there is still one great battle to be fought, Come, boy . . .

The signal will come from Iran, Come, boy . . . The plain is all red with flowers,§ Come, boy . . .

The red roses are the blood of martyrs, Come, boy . . .

Double rupees fly about on every side, Come, boy . . .

Herat belongs to Teheran, Come, boy . . . ||

Is Herat again the proposed price of Persian assistance? Will the next Afghan frontier commission have to draw the Perso-Afghan line east of Herat?

I must say here that not all the political songs of the Afghans evince such feelings of desperate aversion. Though in the songs from Afghanistan and Yaghistan there is no love lost on the British, the songs from the British districts are often in a rather different spirit. Mahmud, the author of the scathing satire on Afzul Khan, quoted above, is a staunch supporter of the British raj, and has written a ballad on the justice of the English:—

The Sâhibs have the same law both for the weak and for the strong. They practise to perfection justice and equity, and make no difference in a lawsuit between the strong and the weak.

The man of honor they treat with honor and they shield not the thief, the scamp, the gamester. They wield royalty as it becomes kings, and take tribute from Rajahs and Nababs.

It must be confessed that the loyal poetry of the Afghans has not the same go and swing as that which is not loyal. They are at their best in satire, which, however, can be loyal too. What indictment of the dilapidations in the commissariat could be shorter and sharper than these lines, written after the last Afghan war?—

* He is no longer so.

† A British province.

‡ English morality is supposed to be in Afghanistan what French morality is supposed to be in England. The rising of 1839 is ascribed by native tradition to an "English lord" having debauched the wife of one of the first Afghan chiefs, Abdullah Achakzai. Abdullah killed them with his own hand, and called his people to revenge. An *ordre du jour de moralité* by General Roberts recommends the soldiers to avoid the indiscretions committed during the first occupation of Cabul, in order to remove the prejudice of past years, and "cause the British name to be as highly respected in Afghanistan as it is throughout the civilized world" (H. Hensman, *The Afghan War of 1879-80*, p. 68).

§ Grown out of the blood of martyrs.

|| This song was published in the *Civil and Military Gazette* of Lahore as an "Afghan Nursery Rhyme" (April 15, 1880).

Everybody has bought the *tatoos** of the Commissariat; for four *annas*† the camels of the Commissariat.

In fine dress, boots on their feet, a cane in hand, strut about the *munshis* ‡ of the Commissariat.

Their fathers and grandfathers did not know what an ass is, and here they are driving in *tam tam*,§ the rich men of the Commissariat.

It is time to conclude. The reader may already have drawn his conclusion for himself. The songs, on the whole, confirm, by the Afghans' own confession, the rather unfavorable estimate which has been suggested by their history in the last fifty years. A strong race, nothing like the mild Hindoo — of a strong but mixed metal; a sense of honor that can do without truth; the half-conventional virtues of the savage; real love ignored; the respect of the weak a weakness. A sense of religion that teaches no charity, no self-control, no self-improvement, and is best gratified in the damnation of alien creeds. As to the intellectual side, no high imagination, a limited range of ideas, but at the same time one of the highest of all gifts — one which effete Europe has lost — simplicity and directness of expression. Politically, none of the virtues that make a nation, the clan and the family divided against themselves, and the word cousin || meaning "deadly foe;" the foreigner hardly worse hated than the countryman, and played off against him. The Englishman hated as an infidel, despised as unreliable and immoral; ¶ in the impending struggle for the empire of Asia no help to be hoped except for cash, no promise to be trusted except on bill of exchange; in fact, no permanent and sincere support to be expected, because the fields for loot lie across the Indus, not across the Oxus. It must be said, in fairness to the tribes, that sixty years ago Christians could travel safely through Afghanistan, that the present desperate feelings were created in 1838 by the wanton aggression of Lord Auckland, the Liberal, and that, while they were slowly dying out,** they were revived ten years ago by Lord Lytton, the Conservative, too intensely, perhaps, for any hope to be left of stemming again the current of hatred and distrust. It may be added however,

* *Tattoo*, a pony.

† Clerks.

‡ Five pence.

§ A light open carriage.

|| *Tarbur*.

¶ This, of course, applies chiefly to the Afghans of Afghanistan and Yaghistan. Those of the British districts know more of the British and know better.

** During the Mutiny the British Empire was saved by the neutrality of Afghanistan and the active support of the Afghan districts.

as a reassuring symptom of a negative kind, that the name of Russia is not yet on the lips of the singing politicians of Afghanistan, and that the "Divine Figure from the North" is not yet looming on the horizon of their hopes.

JAMES DARMESTETER.

From The National Review.

RICHARD JEFFERIES, AND THE OPEN AIR.

It is a curious contradiction that while the public never appreciated the works of Richard Jefferies when he lived, and we are confronted again by the melancholy spectacle — a spectacle unfortunately familiar to the experience of literature and art — of a man of genius dying in poverty and distress, his death has awakened our intellectual sense and gratitude for the great part which Richard Jefferies has performed in expressing the many subtle and exquisite pleasures which, to the pure and simple-minded lovers of nature, are ever around and among us.

The poetry of country life and of the simple and purer natures of the country poor has been expressed in painting by the French artist Millet. With him, as with Richard Jefferies, the genius of his work was never fully appreciated during his life. He died, not in poverty, but certainly a poor and neglected artist. It is the sympathy of after years that has realized the genius of his work, and the almost sublime pathos which speaks to us in his picture of the "Angelus." I do not know why work like that of Jefferies or of Millet, its counterpart in painting, should have excited so little enthusiasm during the lifetime of its authors. Experience at least teaches us that, when first-rate work of this kind has been done, posterity has accorded it almost a fancy value. I venture to express a hope that this may be so in regard to Richard Jefferies.

As I am writing there lies on my library table Isaac Walton's own copy of the "Reliquiæ Wottonianæ."

Blest silent groves, O may ye be
Forever mirth's best nursery.

May pure contents

Forever pitch their tents

Upon these downs, these rocks, these mountains,

And peace still slumber by these purling fountains

Which we may every year

Find when we come a-fishing here.

Yes, it was probably amid the sunny meadows of May and June, when the streams are fresh and full of insect life, that the sweet and dignified intercourse of Sir Henry Wotton and Izaak Walton first ripened into friendship.

There is hardly a book which to-day fetches more money at a sale or in a bookseller's catalogue — if happily it is still to be found there — than an original edition of Walton's works. Years have, perhaps, given a mellowness and additional charm to the "Compleat Angler;" but the motive of its interest and delights is implanted deep in an Englishman's nature. The excitement of sport spent amid the incomparable charms of English scenery and English sunshine is as delicious to-day as in the days of Merry England. Richard Jefferies had just the same love of sport, and sport enjoyed in the open air, as a medium for the study of nature and natural life as had Izaak Walton. Can anything be more delightful than his humorous sketches of, and initiation into, the craft and mysteries of poaching? In the "Amateur Poacher" he tells us that game is started more by scent than by sight, and mentions how the breath and odor of sheep or cows have enabled him to approach rabbits or pheasants feeding. Again, if we turn to a delightful book — one of his later ones, called "Red Deer," which is, perhaps, not so well known as "The Gamekeeper at Home," or "Wild Life in a Southern County" — he gives us a most picturesque and truthful description of the wild sport of stag-hunting amid those glorious wildernesses of oak coppice and heather which compose "red deer land."

Nor has Richard Jefferies failed to realize the charm of character which belongs to those who live in remote parts of the country. "Men," he says, "are not so sharply defined in isolation as in localities nearer civilization; they do not stand aloof in villa seclusion close by, and yet divided for a lifetime. Here, they acknowledge each other's existence; they approach and lend a helping hand in stress of work. The common bond of sport has much to do in preserving this spirit. Every one takes the deepest interest in the deer, and in sport generally; it is a topic certain to come up, and thus a community of feeling causes a pleasantness of manner. With the red deer of the old-world time of England, survive courtesy and hospitality and the old world friendliness."

There is in Richard Jefferies as there is in Izaak Walton a spirit of warm and affec-

tionate good-fellowship. Nature and life are not to him a scientific study whereof to evolve systems or creeds. "I will not," says Richard Jefferies, "permit myself to be taken captive by observing physical phenomena, as many evidently are. The intense concentration of the mind on mechanical effects appears often to render it incapable of perceiving anything that is not mechanical, or of supposing that action can occur in other than set ways. I do not think that because crystals are precipitated with fixed angles, therefore the whole universe is necessarily mechanical. I think there are things exempt from mechanical rules. The restriction of thought to purely mechanical grooves blocks progress in the same way as the restrictions of mediæval superstition. Let the mind think, dream, imagine, let it have perfect freedom. To shut out the soul is to put us back more than twelve thousand years." I do not know whether he was an accomplished sportsman in practice, but he would have sympathized with Sir Henry Wotton, who, Izaak Walton tells us, never forgot his pleasure in angling, which he would call "his idle time, not idly spent." To Jefferies the study of human nature was an innate and passionate pleasure, vivid and keen to every sense he possessed. It is curious to note also how the activity of this natural sense excites the larger feelings of human kindness, and seems, as it were, to take the place of that mental activity which finds its vent in many minds in controversies concerning our place in the world which is beyond the senses. As a rule, the students of nature — Izaak Walton, Evelyn, of later times Frank Buckland — seem to have relished life exceedingly. Evelyn was one of the first to flavor English society and English country life with a taste for woods and gardens. Custom and superstition have, alas! in his case neglected the expressed wishes of a man whose heart and life were in the temples not made by human hands, for in the fourth book of his "Sylva" Evelyn discourses on the sacredness of standing groves, and expresses the opinion that, as our Saviour's sepulchre was in a garden, so tombs in fields, mountains, highways, and gardens are preferable to the proudest mausoleums; and he adds: "The late elegant and accomplished Sir W. Temple, though he laid not his whole body in his garden, deposited the better part of it — his heart — there; and if my executors will gratify me in what I have desired, I wish my corpse may be interred as I have bespoken them, not at all out of singularity,

but for other reasons not here necessary to trouble the reader with, what I have said in general being sufficient. However, let them order it as they think fit, so it be not in the church or chancel."

The passionate love of nature and of sunshine which belonged to the man, and which was reflected in the brightness and vivacity of his disposition, seemed to shrink from circumscribing or localizing the temple of religion. To him—as to Sir Henry Wotton, who, we are told by Izaak Walton, while a great lover and bountiful entertainer of his neighbors, was a great enemy to wrangling disputes of religion—there breathed a spirit of religion and a sense of devotion in all those dreams of loveliness which nature is ever affording in the sunrise over down or copse, or in the twilight of dim and glittering avenues.

Happy art thou whom God does bless
With the full choice of thine own happiness,
And happier yet because thou'rt blest
With prudence how to choose the best;
In books and gardens thou hast plac'd aright
Things which thou well dost understand,
And both dost make with thy laborious hand
Thy noble innocent delight.

Just as Evelyn first taught our countrymen how to plant, and enriched our orchards and our gardens, so has Richard Jefferies first brought home to us—and to many of limited means this is a great practical boon—the pleasures and delights of the home and southern counties, which cluster around the metropolis.

There are many, alas! the children of Gibeon, on whose faded and weary faces there has never played the breath or sunshine of the country; but among this class of the very poor in London who are being strangled out of a livelihood by the demon of cheap competition, in the shape of foreign pauper immigration, cheap labor, and foreign manufactures—many now enjoy visions of country life. By the help of Mrs. Jewne's funds and other agencies many London children are being boarded out in country cottages to taste of country air and country life. But town nurslings pitched into the country for a few weeks' health cannot acquire the country knowledge of which Mr. Jefferies writes, and which, like much of the old folk-lore, seems to linger among the old men who still crawl among us.

Many of my friends will remember the raciness of some speech of an illiterate Hodge, stuffed by experience with the knowledge of country matters rather than with the learning of the modern board

school, at some village meeting in a county contest, when he has at last been got to deliver his views. In the same sense what can be more picturesque or graphic than the old local words?

In this village the word twilight is almost unknown. It is the "dimmets" that describes the evening hour. Amid the decay of the old-world language and knowledge the attention of statesmen has been called to the gradual depletion, not only in the form but in the numbers and material, of village life. Year by year we notice the steady and growing influx of the smartest lads into the large towns. In one sense this is the salvation of the physical type of the Londoner, but on the other hand it increases the congestion and intensifies the competition there, while it denudes the country-side, not only of labor, but of the best and most vigorous types of village society. Of the villagers of to-day it cannot be said that

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife
Their sober wishes never learn'd to stray.

Since the days of the "Elegy," country life has in many senses been raised and purified. The laboring poor live in better cottages; are better fed. They are more independent themselves, and education will enable their children to be even more so; but their lot and position, although it has been carved into greater consonance with modern ideas, is not one of contentment. To-day there exists a sort of superstition that all that glitters is gold, and that in the land of gin-shops and crowded thoroughfares, employment and fortune are to be found. None except the many failures know the loneliness of London. I need not dwell upon how sad and bitter is the disappointment, and how unsatisfactory the career of many of these trustful and simple-minded country emigrants.

Some gentlemen are interesting themselves about the creation of village communities, but the commercial life as we find it to-day in Switzerland would, I believe, be unsuited to the social character of English country life; nor do I anticipate that under our present fiscal arrangements much success would accrue from the revival of village industries.

It is in the agricultural parts of England, remote from coal and from large towns, to the prosperity of the farmer, that the laborer must look for employment. He possesses in the Laborers' Union a perfectly legitimate and valuable means for protecting the value of his labor. It is not so much the price of

wages — although that is bound to fall if the present agricultural depression continues — as the want of employment that is, and will continuously increase, to drive the agricultural poor away from their homes to drift hopelessly and helplessly over the face of the country. And, alas! an element of despair enters into this matter. No answer has as yet been vouchsafed to show us how this deplorable tendency of the country population to augment the congestion in the towns will not proportionately increase as foreign importation continues to depreciate the value of cereal crops in England, and to necessitate farms becoming derelict, or their conversion from arable into pasture, which, whatever there may be in the argument of certain kinds of land being more naturally suited for cereals than grass, means a certain saving in the labor and the tradesmen's bills.

To turn to a very different but more satisfactory side of the general question. We have evidence on all sides of a healthy and increasing appreciation of the æsthetic side of natural scenery. The appraised commercial value of æsthetics would in itself furnish material for an article. It would be most interesting to note how, while the values of purely commercial properties have deteriorated during the last few years, while the landowners and manufacturers have been out at elbow, amid falling prices in land and houses, fancy prices can still be got for a fine print or picture, or, in the case of real property, for an old house, or for a genuine untouched old bit of woodland and chase as a site for the house of some Midas.

This sense, expressed in the desire for his daughter to marry an English deer park, reaches the soul of the most unimaginative of American millionaires. No one cares for the dull acres with the improved farm buildings, and the only temptation to connect capital with the land, and that still remains to the acquisition of land, are the possibilities of sport or the beauty of the demesne.

What Richard Jefferies loved — the untutored beauty of the woods, the wildness of down and heather, or the old manor house where old shadowy days, melted into night three centuries since, have left a little of their twilight in the hall; where there is a dream in every chair, and where romance has grown richer with age like the color of the oak, — these, once the ideal possessions, and coveted only by the few and most politely born,

are now appreciated by the many, and have become convertible into the gold of the London money market. Of this, for proof we have only to turn to any newspaper of to-day. Let me take this one, as a sample of many others, an advertisement from the *Field* newspaper of September the 3rd: —

Ancient Mansion, of Elizabethan period preferred, Wanted to purchase; any part of England will do, and preference will be given to house that has not been restored or modernized in any way; a large quantity of land not required. — Address, "R. J. V.," care of Messrs. Osborn & Mercer, 28B, Albemarle Street, Piccadilly, W.

If we turn to the types of opinion around which this reverence has intertwined itself, it is one of the pleasantest contradictions of advanced Radicalism that it has saved to the nation the weird and romantic beauty of Epping Forest, and stayed the hand of the wood-farmer and larch-planter in the unrivalled glades of primeval timber of the New Forest.

Amid the rise and fall of mushroom millionaires — the race to make and the race to spend — there is, as indeed there should be, a growing respect and regard for the incomparable beauty which centuries of family pride and family self-denial have created and lovingly preserved, in the multitudes of fine places and woodlands of ancient timber that are scattered throughout the country, and that, like the portraits of Vandyke, plead the pathos and story of English history.

In no part of England is all this so conspicuous as in those southern countries of which Richard Jefferies wrote. I know of no greater contrast, nothing which tells more graphically the history of the two countries, than the dreary and treeless plains of France across which has swept, uprooted, and destroyed, every phase of revolution and violence, with the peaceful and smiling entrance into England through the fruitful county of Kent, studded as it is with fine trees and places.

The southern counties have not only enjoyed more sunshine and more genial climate wherewith nature can adorn herself; but as their wealth has been that of sky and landscape, so they have not been endowed with that mineral wealth which destroys the one and obscures the other.

There are parts of Wiltshire and Dorset that lie to the south of Salisbury, a wild land of downs and heath which adjoins the New Forest, that correspond with the description of Kingswood in "Sir Percival," that stood in the centre of an

agricultural and wooded country, and was immediately surrounded by miles of chase and forest untouched since the Saxon time, when it had been the favorite hunting-ground of King and Etheling.

In a little pamphlet entitled "Reporting, Editing, and Authorship," published by John Snow & Co., Jefferies says: "To create a taste in the public requires a great genius; it is, therefore, wisest to study the existing taste, and so cast the story that it may suit the fashion of the day." The writing of Richard Jefferies describes, in express language, a growing passion which exists among all classes for the things in which he delighted. "We often hear of the doomed days of shooting. My experience points in a very different direction. The depression in agriculture is very severe, and yet there is hardly a young farmer who does not take out a license, and very excellent shots many of them are. Moreover, while there are corresponding objections and troubles, there is no doubt that the facility of acquiring shooting resulting from the impoverishment of the landowning class, has opened out the sport very largely to a class who before found some difficulty in partaking of it. Everything that brings the capitalist in the towns into a practical acquaintance with the enjoyments of the country must benefit the agriculturalist, and (2) it must tend to dispel the ridiculous prejudice and jealousy which, born of ignorance, are directed against a class who receive less interest for their capital than that of any other body of men." That the public taste is attracted to other natural pleasures experienced by Richard Jefferies is established beyond controversy—open spaces, "the open air," flowers, for these the craving is general and growing; it is a part, and by no means an unimportant part, of that general belief which is sinking deep into our hearts, that just as the social reformer is acquiring the interest formerly attached to the politician, so the removal of social evils and the creation of healthy and happier conditions—better homes in the towns for the poor, homes which are not so miserable as to make the miseries of the gin-palace a brighter alternative—and a more general knowledge of the laws of health and healthy living, must precede the development of any finer conceptions of religious or human duties.

Jefferies puts into the language of poetry a thought which must have come home to many of us. Speaking of the wood pigeons he says: "They have not labored in mental searching as we have;

they have not wasted their time looking among empty straw for the grain that is not there; they have been in the sunlight. Since the days of ancient Greece the doves have remained in the sunshine; we who have labored have found nothing. In the sunshine by the shady verge of woods, by the sweet waters where the wild dove sips, there alone will thought be found." To him the solitude and silence of nature are not as it appears to many morbid writers the voices of remorse, regret, retaliation. Nature speaks to him of herself, and, through herself, of higher things beyond. He could commune with her as an agreeable and cheerful companion, full of incident and anecdote, and not, as she is so often represented, the confessor of our own egotism, or of our own dreary and foolish fancies. "I was," says Richard Jefferies, "sensitive to all things, to the earth under and the star hollow round about, to the least blade of grass, to the largest oak. They seemed like exterior nerves and veins for the conveyance of feeling to me; sometimes a very ecstasy of exquisite enjoyment of the entire visible universe filled me."

Such is a happy and indeed a practical philosophy; one which in these days might teach us a great deal. To increase the happiness of the many is forever on our lips; it is one of the leading mottoes of our political cant, but how much more effective would be such a wish if it fell from the lips of those in whose own natures there was a sunshine that could to others be transmitted!

In conclusion, I would fain say a few words in relation to the mystical philosophy of which Richard Jefferies imbibed so deeply, and of which all of us have more or less imbibed, to whom the eternities—for nature, while ever changing, never dies—of nature have appealed.

In Mr. Shorthouse the grace of English scenery, by him usually associated with an idealized aristocracy, the glories of Kingswood, its pleasance, chase, and halls of twilight and of tapestry, awaken the feelings of a High Church sacramentalist. To him it is the story of religion as told by the Church that seems to touch, and, touching, transfuse with an increased glory the wonders of creation. To Jefferies there is also a deep religious sense, but of a different kind. "I was not more than eighteen when an inner and esoteric meaning began to come to me from all the visible universe, and indefinable aspirations filled me. I found them in the grass-fields, under the trees, on the hilltops at

sunrise, and in the night. There was a deeper meaning everywhere." With Jefferies the wonders of creation excite a humility, a sense of how limitless is the knowledge of facts, but how limited and circumscribed the knowledge of thought; as he says, ever the same thoughts come that have been written down centuries and centuries. To him nature is an incomprehensible religion in itself rather than the medium for revealing the doctrines of any particular religious system. "Sweet," he says, "is the bitter sea, and the clear green in which the gaze seeks the soul looking through the glass into itself. The sea thinks for me as I listen and ponder; the sea thinks, and every boom of the wave repeats my prayer; my soul rising to the immensity utters its desire prayer with all the strength of the sea, or again, the full stream of ocean beats upon the shore, and the rich wind feeds the heart, the sun burns brightly; the sense of soul life burns in me like a torch." Every page, every line I might say, of the writings of Richard Jefferies contradicts that hopeless and dreary philosophy of materialism which is accepted by those whose study of nature is not with eyes of love, but purely mechanical, of the laboratory only. Immortality is everywhere, around him and before him, nay, it is the sense with him of absolute incapacity to realize the immensity of this spiritual life which makes him feel the incompleteness and inadequacy of the definition of the religious mystery by any particular creed or Church. Just as Marcus Aurelius asks: "What is earth but a point, how small a corner is occupied! who and what are they who are about to cry thee up?" so Jefferies felt that as the sky extended beyond the valley, so there are ideas beyond the valley of our thoughts. "Beyond and over the horizon I feel that there are other waves of ideas unknown to me, flowing as the stream of ocean flows." In this there is a general agreement. To one and all upon whom has fallen nature's spell, to Shorthouse as well as to Jefferies, there is the feeling that ideas are beyond the power of language, that our immortal nature cannot be communicated through the medium of what is human and mortal.

For all that is revered by the various religious systems that belong to various races and climes this philosophy offers a reverence deep and profound. It is the philosophy of humility rather than of dogmatism, but just as Shorthouse and Jefferies have each in different ways attuned our minds to a higher interpretation of

natural philosophy, so would it teach us to find a fresh sense and a quickening vitality of enjoyment in all that is around and among us.

Though it was now broad day, a gentle trace
Of light, diviner than the common sun,
Shed on the common earth, and all the place
Was filled with magic sounds woven into
one
Oblivious melody, confusing sense
Amid the gliding waves and shadows dun.
LYMINGTON.

From Chambers' Journal.
RICHARD CABLE,
THE LIGHTSHIPMAN.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MEHALAH," "JOHN HERRING,"
"COURT ROYAL," ETC.

CHAPTER XLVI.

A CHUM.

ONCE annually, whilst he was in England, did Captain Sellwood pay his aunt a visit. He stayed with her a fortnight; and she took him round to show him to her old friends, and show him the young ladies of the neighborhood among whom he was at liberty to pick and choose—ladies by birth and breeding, and with at least something to bring with them. As yet he had not picked and chosen in the region round Bewdley; he had contented himself with exciting the admiration of the old ladies, to whom he devoted himself with more eagerness than to the young. They were his aunt's cronies, and he made an effort to please his aunt by showing courtesy to her friends.

The family coach went to the station to meet the captain, and Miss Otterbourne awaited his arrival impatiently. Josephine's heart was in a flutter. "Shall I leave the room?" she asked, suddenly rising from her needlework in the window. Miss Otterbourne had got into the way of making her sit in the same room with her much of her time.

"No, Cable," answered the old lady—"no need for that. You have, I dare say, seen the captain, and he will probably know you."

In fact, Miss Otterbourne was curious to observe how they met; for she knew nothing for certain about Josephine's origin, nor of the extent of her acquaintance, nor of its character, with the Sellwoods.

Josephine remained, but stood silent in the window, withdrawn as much as possible from sight. Captain Sellwood came

in, and was greeted with love and pride by his aunt. "My dear fellow! How you have grown! But—I do believe I see a careworn expression in your face, as if the course of something—something—had not run smooth."

He turned abruptly from her and came directly to Josephine, who, in spite of her efforts to remain composed, colored and trembled. "We have met before—at Hanford," he said, with a bow, and extended hand; but whether he spoke to explain his conduct to his aunt, or to introduce himself to Josephine, who might not recollect him, Miss Otterbourne could not discover.

"You will be pleased to hear that the rector and my mother are in flourishing condition," he went on. "I hope I may be able to inform them, when I write, that you are well and happy." He spoke civilly, formally, yet kindly; and what he said might have been addressed indiscriminately to a lady or a lady's maid.

"The rogue!" said Miss Otterbourne to herself. "He, also, wants to keep me in the dark. There is some mystery; but I shall worm it out."

Josephine kept away from the drawing-room whilst the captain was there; her mistress did not need her when she had her nephew to talk to. She hoped to have an opportunity of speaking with him in private before long, that she might relieve her mind, after which it was her intention to leave the service of Miss Otterbourne. It did not advantage her to remain there longer. Her mistress had drawn her into association with herself, and she could associate with ladies as at Hanford. As for the servants at Bewdley, she did not wish to be on terms of familiarity with them. They did not represent the class to which Richard belonged. She must seek representatives of his order elsewhere.

One evening, the housemaid who shared her room told her that a sister and cousin had come to Bewdley and had asked her to meet them and walk with them to the station. She had, however, her duties in the house, and could not go out, leaving these neglected. As for the under housemaid, she was engaged with her own work, and could not be trusted to arrange the rooms—would Josephine mind relieving her of this for an hour or two? "It's the captain's two rooms have to be looked after," said the young woman. "If you'll do this for me to-day, Cable, I'll help you what I can another time."

Josephine, at once, good-naturedly consented.

Captain Sellwood occupied the best bedroom, with a small sitting-room adjoining, and on the other side a dressing-room. He did not care for a fire in his bedroom; but there was one in the sitting-room, and there his aunt allowed him to smoke. He had no valet with him to attend to his clothes; and after he was dressed for dinner, the housemaid folded those he had taken off and put them away, and got the room ready for the night. The sitting-room had to be made tidy; the scraps of letters and envelopes to be picked up; his newspaper to be folded and placed on the table; his cigar end, left on the mantelshef, to be buried in the red depths of the fire; a flower-glass upset on the side table to be refilled, the blossoms rearranged, and the water to be wiped up. How untidy men are! No, not all men—not Richard. And had not Josephine been just as careless when in her own house?

She put everything together in the sitting-room. Captain Sellwood had worn gloves lined with swansdown, which his mother had insisted on his wearing whilst on the journey; but either the moth had got into them, or the down was badly put on at first, and, as he found the wool coming off, whilst he was smoking he amused himself with picking it off the inside of his gloves and throwing little tufts on the floor, where it adhered to the pile of the Brussels carpet. The collecting of this down engaged Josephine some time, and she said to herself: "If people only knew the trouble they give by their want of consideration!" and then remembered she would have done the same in former years. She was engaged picking the particles out of the carpet pile, when the bedroom door opened and Captain Sellwood came in, with one patent-leather boot on his foot and the other in his hand. Josephine looked up as the door opened, and rose.

"Oh," said he, "I am sorry. There is a peg in the sole that hurts me, and I have come for the poker to drive it down."

Josephine rose from her knees, coloring.

"Do not let me disturb you," he said. "I will go away." He had a crimson silk stocking on his unshod foot.

"Shall I knock down the peg for you, Captain Sellwood?" asked Josephine. "There is a hammer in the housemaid's cupboard."

"Not on any consideration; but if you will kindly fetch me the hammer, I shall be grateful. I do not know the where-

abouts of the said cupboard." He held out his hand to help her up.

"What have you been about?" he asked.

"Collecting all these particles of swans-down. They are difficult to get out of the carpet."

"I threw them there," he said; "but I am glad it has given me the opportunity of speaking to you alone, which I have desired, and failed to get."

"I also," said Josephine, "wish to have a little private talk with you; but——" She looked round, and seeing that some one was in the corridor and that the door of the sitting-room was open, she added: "I will get the hammer for your boot at once." Then she went out at the door and closed it behind her. She had a candle in her hand, and saw standing before her the butler, with a mocking expression on his sinister face.

"What are you doing there, Cable? You have no business in these rooms."

She would rather not have answered him, and have passed on without a reply; but she considered that she had to return, and that the butler must be got rid of, so she answered with as much indifference as she could assume, that the housemaid was going to the station with her friends, and had asked her to see to the bedrooms.

"And to chat with the captain, who slipped away from table before his usual time."

Josephine colored at his insolence. She had taken Captain Sellwood's boot in her hand, and whether advisable or not, she must return with it. She went her way without appearing to notice the remark made by the butler. In ten minutes she returned with the boot; she had succeeded in knocking down the peg. As she came to the captain's door she looked round to see that the coast was clear, and then tapped lightly. He opened at once, and she went in.

She was nervous and agitated. The situation was not a pleasant one; and if she had not made up her mind to speak to him, she would have given him the boot at the door and not have gone in. But three or four days of his visit to his aunt had elapsed without her obtaining the opportunity she sought, and she did not see how she could obtain the desired interview without attracting attention and arousing curiosity.

Mr. Vickary was probably satisfied with the explanation she had given. If he doubted it, he could satisfy himself in the

kitchen that it was genuine. Notwithstanding her bringing-up, Josephine had much guilelessness in her. She knew Captain Sellwood well, had known him since she was a child, and was aware that he was an honorable man, who would never forget the respect due to her. He knew her story—that she was married; and that she had met with trouble. That he knew why she had gone into service, she did not suppose. He was aware that she had resigned her right to the inheritance of Gabriel Gotham—all Hanford knew that; but the reasons for her so doing were not divulged. The captain, she presumed, thought she had been forced to take service because she was left penniless. That he would not press her to tell him anything she kept to herself, she was well satisfied. He was a gentleman, if a somewhat heavy one.

She closed the door behind her, and went towards Captain Sellwood with something of her old frankness, holding his boot in her hand. "I must have a little talk with you," she said. "And there is no time like the present. I hold you arrested by one foot. You shall not have your boot till you have listened to me."

"I am not likely to run away from you, Mrs. Cable, unless you draw out of your quiver some of your old arrows; then, knowing their sharpness, I might in self-defence take to flight."

"No; I have broken off all their heads. I will never hurt any one again—at least not with them."

"Take a chair, Mrs. Cable."

"I had rather stand."

"And I insist on your being seated."

She obeyed, taking a small armchair near the fire. He had lighted the candles on the mantelpiece, and stood by the fire, with his elbow on the shelf, resting on his shod foot, with the red-stockinged foot crossed over the other.

"The matter about which I desire to speak to you," she said, going at once to her point, "concerns Miss Otterbourne. You and your mother ought to know how she is treated by her servants. She is robbed on all sides. She is surrounded by perfectly unscrupulous persons, who are in league against her. There are valuables in this house, heirlooms; nothing is safe from their rapacity. Dear Miss Otterbourne is so confiding that she leaves everything about—her keys, her cheque-book; her drawers are not locked, and any one can get at her jewelry. The plate is intrusted to Mr. Vickary, and—some one ought to be intrusted with the looking

after of Mr. Vickary. Is there a list of the plate? Do you think Miss Otterbourne herself knows what family jewels she has? I have ventured to entreat her to keep her bureau locked where she has some securities, — she ought to send them to her banker's; but she likes to retain them in her own hands. I am sure the butler has been to that bureau, though I will not say he has abstracted anything. What I fear is — were anything to happen to your aunt — suppose a stroke, which is not impossible or improbable at her age, then — this house would be at the disposal of her servants. They might take what they liked, and who would stop them? An old lady ought never to be left as Miss Otterbourne is — without a relative by her to guard her interests."

"Dear Mrs. Cable," said Captain Sellwood, "my mother cannot be here. It is also out of the question that I should. We had hoped — when you came —"

"Exactly, that I was to be life and body guard to her Majesty. I do not feel disposed to be that. I tell you the state of affairs, and then I go. I cannot remain here. Miss Otterbourne is very kind, and I like her; but I cannot remain. You can see that for yourself. Having revealed the misdemeanors of my fellow-servants, I must go as well as they."

"I do not see that."

"I do. I could not stay. There are other matters behind all this that I have told you; but you know enough."

"What is to be done?"

"What is to be done?" repeated Josephine, with a return to her old contemptuous manner. "You are a man, a soldier, and ask me that!"

"Precisely; because I am a man and a soldier, I know nothing about domestic matters; I cannot engage a new set of servants."

"But you can induce your aunt to dismiss these."

"And I know very well that with a new supply she would fare no better. She has had relays of ladies' maids, and has demoralized them all — made very decent girls my mother has sent her, dishonest and given to drink."

"Well, I have discharged my duty. It is for you to act on the information you have received. This house not only demoralizes the ladies' maids, but the entire parish. Your good old aunt, with a mind full of religion and kindness, is poisoning every man, woman, and child who comes near her. Trust is a very good thing when well applied; but trust given

to the untrustworthy aggravates the evil. Why, what will become of the servant girls of this establishment when they marry? They have learned here to be dainty, thriftless, and dishonest; to take to themselves whatever comes to hand, and to use everything without consideration of what it costs. They will make their husbands and families wretched and wicked." Josephine spoke with vehemence, because she felt strongly, and had been bottling up her indignation ever since she had begun to see into the condition of affairs in the house, without the opportunity of giving it vent.

Captain Sellwood stood looking down at his unbooted foot, meditating. His face was troubled. "It would be conferring on us the greatest favor, it would be laying us under a lifelong obligation, if you would consent to stay as companion to my aunt."

"I cannot. The captain who applies the match to the powder-room does not blow up the crew and provide for his own safety — they all go up into the air together. I cannot do what seems mean."

"We have no claim whatever on you; but you are here on the spot — if —"

"No, Captain Sellwood — no! How slow you are to take a no!"

Then ensued another silence.

"I have said what I had to say, and now I must go." She made a motion to rise. He waved his hand.

"I pray you one moment longer. About yourself. If you insist on leaving this house, where will you go?"

"I do not know. I have not considered."

"Excuse me, Mrs. Cable. I do not want to touch on matters that I have no right to put my finger on, but — we are old acquaintances of many, many years' standing. I cannot bear to think of your being in positions to which you were not born. Do not be offended. I am a clumsy man with my tongue, as you know very well." He spoke with such truth and kindness, such real feeling in his voice, that Josephine's heart grew soft. "I ask no questions; I want to know nothing about any of these matters that have occurred and that have affected you; but I do pray you — I pray you — do nothing without consulting my mother; and do not — do not be too proud to take her helping hand. Indeed, you can do my mother no greater favor than ask her to help you in any and every way."

Josephine did not answer at once. It was not possible for her to answer with frankness without entering into an expla-

nation of her circumstances, which she could not do to him. After thinking, and turning his boot about in her hand, she said: "I am very sensible, Captain Sellwood, of your kindness; and I know how good and generous your dear mother is, and how I can rely as well on your father. He approves of all I have done. You must not think me wanting in generosity if I change the subject. You have drawn the conversation away from your aunt to me, and I had rather not have it turn about myself, but revert to what we spoke of at first."

"As you will, Mrs. Cable."

"I think that you must get a gentleman to live here as companion to Miss Otterbourne, and strike at once at Mr. Vickary. The housekeeper and the maid-servants are not bad-hearted; but no one in the household has the moral courage to withstand him. Try to induce your aunt to part with him and take a suitable companion. Then the servants' hall can be weeded leisurely."

A tap at the door. The captain called out to come in, and Josephine looked round to see who asked admission. She was thinking only of what she was saying, and had forgotten where she was, and how strange it would seem to any one opening the door for her to be seated by Captain Sellwood's fire in his private sitting and smoking room talking confidentially with him.

In the doorway stood Miss Otterbourne; and Josephine caught a glimpse of the butler gliding away from behind her. "Really!" exclaimed the old lady — "really — I am surprised — I — I —"

"There is your boot, Captain Sellwood," said Josephine, starting up, suddenly conscious of her situation, and hurriedly left the room.

He took the boot, and slowly and clumsily drew it on. He also saw what an awkward position they had been in.

"Can you allow me a *tête-à-tête*?" asked the old lady somewhat stiffly; "or — do you prefer younger society?"

"It was," he stammered — "my — my boot that we were engaged upon. We are old chums; we were chumming, aunt, only chumming."

CHAPTER XLVII.

DISMISSAL.

AFTER Mr. Vickary had seen Josephine leave Captain Sellwood's room with his boot, he waited about, keeping himself concealed, till she returned with the boot

and shut the door, whereupon he went to Miss Otterbourne in the drawing-room, whither she had retired after dinner, and was waiting for her nephew to rejoin her, when he had sat sufficiently long over the wine and dessert.

"I beg your pardon, ma'am," said the butler; "I do hope I'm not taking a liberty, ma'am; but may I ask if you told Cable to go in and out as she liked of the captain's apartments?"

"Of course not, Vickary."

"I'm sorry to trouble you, ma'am. I see her running in there a score of times — it's remarked by the servants, and rather unpleasant, and Mrs. Grundy says she has given no such orders; so we thought it best, ma'am, if I were to ask if you, ma'am, had empowered her so to do. You will excuse me, ma'am, but when there is talk — and when the young woman tells lies about it —"

"Lies, Vickary!"

"Well, ma'am, just now I see her go in there, and the captain there too. I said to her that I didn't consider it quite right — it was not her place; and she told me that the housekeeper had set her to attend to the room, which, ma'am, I knew not to be true."

"The captain is in the dining-room."

"I'm sorry to differ from you, ma'am; but he went up very quickly to his rooms, and Cable was in after him directly. It must be very unpleasant, ma'am, for a young gentleman to be so run after, and it makes talk in the house."

Miss Otterbourne was much astonished and greatly indignant. "Do you mean to tell me, Vickary, that she is there now?"

"I believe so, madam."

"And the captain is there?"

"I saw him by the fire; and Cable shut the door after her when she went in."

"Go and fetch her at once. No. I will go myself. I really — upon my word — to say the least — how inconsiderate!"

The old lady was very angry. She raised herself with difficulty from her armchair, drew a silk handkerchief over her shoulders, as a protection against damp or draught outside the room, and walked in the direction of her nephew's suite of apartments. When she opened the door and saw Josephine seated in an armchair on one side of the fire and the captain standing near her, in earnest conversation, she was as irritated as if her nettle rash had suddenly come out over her temper.

As soon as Josephine had left the room, Miss Otterbourne said, — she was panting from having ascended a flight and walked

fast, — "I — I am surprised. These may be Indian barrack habits, but — but —"
 Captain Sellwood managed to get his boot on; his face was nearly the color of his stocking.

"And only partly dressed too," gasped Miss Otterbourne, "half shod, and — and with a hole in your stocking sole. Good heavens, how indelicate!"

"There was a peg in the boot," explained Captain Sellwood.

"My dear Algernon, there generally are pegs in boots."

"I mean — it hurt me, and I asked Josephine —"

"Josephine!"

"My dear aunt, we have known each other since children."

"Oh!" The nettle rash was alleviated. But presently it came out again. "That does not explain her coming to visit you in your private room, sitting in your armchair."

"Where would you have had her sit, aunt?"

"Algernon — she is a servant."

"Aunt — she is a lady."

"A real lady would never have run after you into your private apartments."

"She did not run after me. She did not know I was there. She was picking up the swansdown I had inconsiderately strewn on the carpet when I came in."

"Then she should considerably have gone out."

"I asked her for a hammer."

"She had no right here. And are you aware, Algernon, that you have had a hole the size of a threepenny piece in the sole of your foot, at the heel, exposed? If you had had any sense of decency, you would have kept your foot flat on the carpet, instead of turning it up. I don't care whether she is a lady by birth and breeding; she is no lady at heart, or she would never have sat here half an hour or three-quarters, staring at a bit of your heel exposed, the size of a threepenny piece. That alone stamps her. She has a nasty mind, and must go."

"My dear aunt, surely you are hard in judging. There was a peg in my boot that stood up, and that hurt my foot, and no doubt at the same time worked the hole in my stocking."

"That is very probable," said Miss Otterbourne. "But I should like to know, were you aware it was there?"

"No; I felt my heel painful; I do not think I noticed that my stocking was rent."

"That excuses you, but not her."

"Perhaps she did not see it."

"Nonsense; of course she saw it."

"Aunt, do sit down —"

"In that armchair vacated by her? No! She has been looking at the hole in your stocking from that armchair. I couldn't do it."

"Do what, aunt?"

"Sit in the chair after that" — the old lady was now very angry, and very convinced that Josephine was no lady — "gloating on it — positively gloating on it."

"If any blame attaches to any one, it is to me," said Captain Sellwood. "I came in here out of my bedroom, with my boot in my hand, for the poker, with which —"

"Why did you not ring for John Thomas?"

"It was not worth while. When I came in, I found her on her knees picking up the bits of down, and I asked her for a hammer, or she offered one, I do not recollect which; and then she whipped the boot out of my hand and went off with it. It was most good-natured of her."

"I object to young women being good-natured with young men. Good-nature may go too far."

"And then I asked her to sit down. I wanted to talk to her about Hanford, and my mother, and mutual acquaintances. I was awfully sorry for her, to see her in such circumstances."

"I disapprove of young men being, as you call it, 'awfully sorry' for distressed damsels; there is no knowing to what this awful sorrow may lead."

"My dear aunt, it was natural. I have known her, and she was my playmate, since we were children. I do like her; I always have liked her. Why, if I were in reduced circumstances, you, aunt, would not cut me."

"No" — slightly mollified. "But I am your aunt, and not a young creature. That makes mountains of difference. And pray, is it only her reduced circumstances that stirs up in you such awful sorrow? She has had some other trouble, I know. Are you acquainted with her intended? Have you brought her a message from him?"

"She has no intended."

"Then it is broken off! I was sure she has had an affair of the heart, she has looked so peaky and pale since she has been here."

"I do not know anything about her heart affairs," said Captain Sellwood. "I know that one or two fellows have been awfully fond of her."

"Indeed! Is it possible that one who has confessed to awful sorrow should also

allow awful fondness? That it leads to awful chumming, I have seen with my eyes."

Captain Sellwood did not answer. He had spoken inconsiderately, and his aunt had taken advantage of his mistake.

"Good gracious, Algernon! You don't mean to tell me that there has been an attachment in this quarter?"

"No attachment," he said, looking down and knitting his brows. "For an attachment, the chain must hold at both ends."

"Merciful powers, Algernon! Can your mother have sent this chum of yours here to be out of your way? You were so infatuated, there was no knowing what lengths you would go, and my dear sister hoped that by putting a distance between you —"

"No, aunt — nothing of the sort."

"But I must get to the bottom of this. There is something kept from me. Is it true that you have — that you have — harbored an unfortunate passion for this young person — this chum, as you call her?"

"I did love the young lady. We have known each other since we were children — at least since she was a little girl and I a big boy. She was so lively, so daring, so witty, I could not help loving her. But that is over now."

"I should hope so — I should hope so indeed. A servant maid — a servant maid in my house! Lord have mercy on us! It is a wonder to me you did not turn Mohammedan in India, and put your neck under Juggernaut's car."

"My dear aunt, what have Juggernaut and his car, and Mohammedanism and Josephine, to do with each other?"

"What a world we live in!" groaned Miss Otterbourne. "Radicalism everywhere!"

"You forget, aunt, that she belonged to the class of life to which I belong. I may tell you this — that she has inherited a very handsome estate, but has conscientious scruples, which I do not understand, because I do not know the circumstances, against her enjoying it; and rather than violate her conscience, she has come into service to you. I honor and respect her for it, aunt!"

"But — she *is* a servant. She is my lady's maid. It does not matter one hair whether she be heiress to untold millions or be a household drudge, the moral delicacy is the same. She ought never to have sat here in your chair, talking to you when you had a hole in your stocking. No, Algernon, you may say what you will — you may try to throw dust in my old

eyes, but I shall never get over that hole in your stocking." She had said enough and heard enough, and she left the room. "Smoke your cigar," she said as she left, "and then come down to me. I presume you can light it without the assistance of your *chum*."

When the old lady reached her drawing-room, she was so hot that she sank into her chair and fanned herself for several minutes without getting any cooler. She rang the bell, and bade John Thomas send her Cable at once; and in two minutes Josephine came to her.

"Cable," said Miss Otterbourne, fanning herself vigorously, "I am surprised and offended. I *did* suppose you knew your place better, and had more delicacy than to sit in a room with a gentleman who had a hole in his stocking."

"Had he? I did not know it, ma'am."

"Did not know it? Of course you knew it! I saw by the direction of your eyes, the instant I came in, that you were examining it."

"I did not give it a thought, even if I saw it, and I do not believe I did that. But surely, ma'am, there is no harm in that."

"No harm in sitting in an armchair in the same room with a gentleman, a captain in her Majesty's service, who has been in India, when he is in a condition of partial undress! In such a house as this, such transgressions cannot be passed over. My nephew informs me that you have been old acquaintances; but old acquaintanceship does not remove all the barriers of female delicacy, and give a woman liberty to look at a man's foot without his boot covering it. It is perhaps allowed us to know that the other sex has feet, because they are mentioned in the Bible; but we know it as we know that we have antipodes, by faith, not by sight." She fanned herself with a vehemence which made her hot, and fluttered the little silver barrels on both sides of her brow. "Cable — it does not please me to have simultaneously under my roof a nephew as a visitor and an old acquaintance of his — *chum*, he called you — as a lady's maid. The situation is incongruous, and leads, as I have seen to-night, to injudicious conduct, which may, which has occasioned scandal; and such a house as this must be maintained in its dignity and irreproachability. Either the captain, my nephew, or you, my servant, must leave, and leave without delay."

"Of course, Miss Otterbourne, I will go."

"If you can make it convenient to de-

part to-morrow, you will oblige. I am sorry to say this, but—it is quite impossible for me to have my nephew and you under the same roof together. I have the greatest reliance on his discretion; I wish I could say the same of yours. You shall receive, as is your due, a month's wage, because you leave to suit my convenience. There is an excellent refuge for domestics and governesses out of place at Bath, to which I subscribe, and you can go there till you hear of a situation."

"Thank you, Miss Otterbourne, but I shall not stay in Bath."

"Will you go back to Hanford?"

Josephine shook her head.

"I am sorry—I am sincerely sorry. There is so much good about you, so much that I have liked; but, under the circumstances, I cannot retain you. It would not be right; and in this house—from myself down, I believe, to the scullery-maid and the boy who cleans the knives—I trust we all try to do that which is right. Mr. Vickary is a burning and a shining light, and Mrs. Grundy hardly less so—a moon beside the sun. But I will not speak of this. I never dismiss a servant except for some gross offence—and I really do not believe such has occurred—without some little testimonial of my regard; so you must allow me to present you with a five-pound note in addition to your wage. You have been guilty of an indiscretion—I firmly trust, unpremeditated."

"O Miss Otterbourne!"

"Where do you purpose going?" asked the old lady. "I cannot possibly permit you to depart without some knowledge that you are going to a place where you will be cared for."

"I am going"—Josephine looked down, then up—"yes, I am going down into Cornwall."

"Into Cornwall. Where to?"

"To my husband."

"Cable—what? Husband! I do not understand."

"To my husband, madam."

"You are a married woman?"

Josephine bowed.

"Goodness gracious me! But that somewhat alters the complexion of affairs. A married woman! Does my nephew know that?"

Josephine bowed again.

"A married woman! But where is your wedding ring?"

"In my bosom."

Miss Otterbourne fanned herself fast, not with wrath, but with the agitation

occasioned by amazement. "Merciful powers!—you married! Who would have thought it! And so young, and so pretty! It hardly seems possible. But—if you are married—it is not so dreadfully improper that you should know men have feet under their boots. I do not say it is right; but it is not so very wrong that—that you should have seen a hole in my nephew's stocking, because married women do know that such things occur."

Josephine smiled; she thought Miss Otterbourne was about to retract her discharge, so she said: "Madam, I cannot stay here. I have explained my reasons to Captain Sellwood, who will tell you after I am gone. Now I have made my resolve, I go direct to my husband."

The door of the drawing-room opened and the butler came in. He advanced deferentially towards Miss Otterbourne, and stood awaiting her permission to speak.

"What is it, Vickary? Do you want anything?"

"It is Cable, madam."

"Well—what of Cable, Vickary?"

"Please, madam, Cable's husband have come to fetch her away."

From The Spectator.

A JEWISH HUMORIST.

THOUGH humor is hardly a prominent quality of the Jews, and many are possibly of Carlyle's opinion, that they have no real sense of the humorous, there is a good deal more drollery in the sayings and doings of those reared in the synagogue than outsiders generally suppose. Be that, however, as it may, the Jewish race can claim to have produced in the person of Moritz Gottlieb Saphir, an Austrian journalist but little known in this country, the foremost wit and humorist of the German-speaking people. As ready in retort as Jerrold, as brilliant a conversationalist and *raconteur* as Sheridan, he was as graceful and effective a punster as the immortal Tom Hood. The right of his co-religionist, Heine, to rank among humorists is often questioned in German literary coteries; but Saphir's pre-eminence is admitted even by the ponderous writers of the "Brockhaus-Lexicon." The son of a poor pedlar in Hungary, he was born and reared in the Pressburg Ghetto at a time when to be a Jew was to be debarred from well-nigh every form of modern culture; and yet before his nine-and-twentieth year he was the most con-

spicuous journalist in Germany, as much hated as admired, and had become the founder of that lighter school of journalistic criticism that makes the ephemeral literature of the fatherland tolerable. He came to Berlin in 1825, or thereabouts, and started the *Courier*, the wit and audacity of which took the capital by storm. But the Prussian censors did not appreciate a writer who, instead of grumbling at them, made them the butt of his irreverent jokes, and actually poked fun at them. Six weeks' imprisonment for an acrostic on Madame Sontag, the singer, and a month for calling a would-be dramatist named Cosmar a "creature" that writes plays, convinced Saphir that his peculiar form of humor was not likely to have fair play where Count Granow wielded the censor's pencil. So he removed to Munich, where in 1828-29 he published the *Bazaar*. He was also converted to Protestantism, and was made Hof-Theatre Intendant. But he soon got into trouble again, and this time with a more important personage than a press censor. King Ludwig was addicted to writing bad verse and making bad jokes, and Saphir did not hesitate to express very freely his opinion as to the quality of both. It would not do to punish the critic for this, but his sins were laid up against him; and when he ventured subsequently to make some remarks about the notorious Lola Montes, he received a peremptory order to quit the Bavarian capital within four-and-twenty hours. The court chamberlain, commissioned by the king, waited on him, and asked if he could manage to get away in so short a time. "Yes," replied the unabashed journalist; "and if my own legs can't take me quickly enough, I'll borrow some of the superfluous feet in His Majesty's last volume of verse." He never forgot this expulsion from Munich. When, one day, some one congratulated him on his erect carriage and walk, he remarked he had had a good master of deportment: "King Ludwig had taught him to step out." He went to Vienna in 1835, and after becoming a Catholic started the *Humorist*, the chief organ of its kind in Germany, with which he was connected until his death in 1850. Saphir was a voluminous writer, and his "Dumme Briefe" and "Album für Witz und Humor" are never-failing sources upon which his imitators to this day draw. His works are not much read by the general public, despite their undoubted brilliancy and humor, and the extraordinary "word-play" in which they abound. He was deficient in depth, and lacked the creative

gadfly of true genius that stings to the highest form of literary expression; and it is for the good things he said and the odd things he did, that he is chiefly remembered by his countrymen and his sometime co-religionists.

Innumerable are the anecdotes told of him. A few culled from the collections of "Saphiriana," published in Germany, are characteristic, and well illustrate the readiness of his wit and the peculiar form of humor for which he was noted. Jerzman, his colleague on the *Humorist*, often asked him to dinner; but as Madame Jerzman was reputed to be one of the meanest women in the capital, the humorist generally managed to excuse himself. At last, though, he was trapped into an acceptance. The dinner consisted, as he anticipated, of more table-cloth than meat, and Saphir, who was a big man with a proportionate appetite, rose from table as hungry as he had sat down. As he was taking his leave, the hostess came up to him, and playfully tapping him on the shoulder with her fan, said, "And now, Herr Saphir, when will you dine with me again?" "At once, Madame Jerzman, at once!" responded the hungry wit in his deepest bass. The old Rothschild, at an evening gathering, requested Saphir to write something in his autograph-book, but it was to be something characteristic. In two minutes the financier received the volume back with the following entry: "Oblige me, Dear Baron, with the loan of 10,000 gulden; and *Forget*, forever after, your obedient servant, M. G. SAPHIR." The man of money saw the point of the joke, and paid generously for the humorist's signature. Equally brief was the retort he made to some one against whom he accidentally knocked when turning the corner of a street in Munich. "Beast," cried the offended person, without waiting for an apology. "Thank you," said the journalist, "and mine is Saphir." Cosmar, a relative of the bookseller, was an amateur author who thought a good deal more of himself than the public could be persuaded to think. Meeting Saphir in a mixed company, he made the silly remark that Saphir "was a Jew who wrote for money, while he wrote for fame." "Quite so," remarked the wit; "we each write for what we lack and need." His friend Jerzman was always warning him about getting into debt, for he was extremely careless in money matters, and explaining the advantages to be derived from paying cash for everything. Once he wound up his usual caution with the remark that "making debts ruins many a man." "Oh,

no!" responded Saphir; "it's paying them that does the mischief." When introduced for the first time to the prompter of the Leipziger Stadt-Theatre, a pompous personage too much in evidence at times, Saphir remarked, "I heard a good deal of you, Herr A—,"—the prompter bowed his acknowledgments of the expected compliment, while the wit added,—"in the course of a performance last evening."

Saphir mortally offended the Munich citizens by speaking of them as being "beer-barrels in the morning, and barrels of beer in the evening." One of the most charming girls in that capital, a girl who enjoyed some reputation as an artist, married a young man of the "long and lanky" type, and very wooden-headed into the bargain. Some friends were discussing the match, and one lady happened to say, "I wonder what Fräulein Wahrmann will do with him." "Oh!" exclaimed Saphir, who was listening, "she is fond of painting, and may find him useful as a mahlstick." He was crossing the market-place with a friend, when a member of the comedy troupe of the Court Theatre stopped and exchanged a few words with him. "Who was that?" said Saphir's companion, when the player had gone. "Oh, that is Waldeck, the actor." "He does not look much like an actor off the stage," said the other. "Still less when he's on the stage," retorted Saphir. Of another "poor" player, a low comedian, he once remarked that, "jesting apart, he was not a bad actor." There was some difficulty, owing to the nature of the soil, in digging the foundation for a statue to be erected in honor of an important grand duke, famous for nothing in particular. The humorist and a friend passed the men at work. "What are they doing?" asked the latter. "Oh, they are trying to find ground for raising a monument to the Gross Herzog," was the reply. Driving out in the suburbs of Vienna one day, his coachman, a peppery *Mieth-kutscher*, got into an altercation with a rival Jehu. Words soon led to oaths, and oaths to blows, and the pair set to in good earnest to decide which was the better man. Popping his head out of the fiacre window, Saphir mildly implored the pair to oblige him, and drub each other as quickly as they could, for he had "engaged the carriage by the hour." But Saphir could be extremely rude, and was not unfrequently as coarse as Swift, of whom, by the way, he was a diligent student, for he was a master of English. At a ball, a young lady, heated with dancing, and one

who should have known better, remarked that she "felt as though she were stewing." "But still quite raw," observed the wit, in a stage aside. Another young person once asked him which was the greatest miracle in the Bible, and then, without waiting for an answer, added, "that Elijah did not burn in the fiery chariot that appeared and took him to heaven." "No," said Saphir, "it was Balaam's ass; the ass that made answer before it was questioned." A great bore, seated next to him at dinner, was excusing his evident fondness for the bottle. "Good wine," said the personage, "makes us forget trouble and vexation, and enables us to bear up against the thousands of disagreeables we encounter and have to submit to. Don't you, Herr Saphir, think it excusable in a man to drink sometimes?" "Oh, yes!" replied the wit; "quite excusable, if he happen to sit next to you at dinner." A wealthy relative, of whom he wished to borrow a little money, reproached him with his incapacity for business. "Why, you cannot even add!" exclaimed the Jewish money-bags, summing up the writer's delinquencies. "No," retorted the other; "but I can subtract, and if one were to subtract your money from you, there would be only a nothing left."

Saphir was no respecter of persons, and nothing could abash him. King Ludwig of Bavaria, the verse-maker to whom he owed his expulsion from Munich, walked up to him one day, and tapping the felt hat he wore uttered the single word *Fils*. Now, *Fils*, which means "felt," is also a most opprobrious epithet, and the king's conduct was grossly insulting. In reply, Saphir merely touched the overcoat he wore, with the remark, *Wasser-dichter*,—that is to say, "waterproof." But as *Dichter* also means a poet, the term signified water-poet, a Germanism applied to one who is no poet at all. He could be as rude in an amiable fashion too. A young couple, newly engaged, were favored with a letter of introduction to him, which they duly presented. Now, the gentleman was notorious for his effeminate habits and ways, and his appearance at once struck the eye of the observant journalist, who had heard about him. He said nothing, received the pair with *empressement*, insisted upon their being seated in his most comfortable easy-chairs, assured them how pleased he was to hear of their engagement, and wound up with, "Now, pray, you must, you really must, tell me which of you is the bride." Travelling in a second-class carriage between

Hamburg and Berlin, he had a little misunderstanding with a lady, the only occupant of the compartment beside himself, in reference to the opening of a window. "You don't appear to know the difference, *mein Herr*, between the second and third class," said the lady cuttingly. "Oh, madame!" replied Saphir, "I am an old railway traveller; I know all the class distinctions. In the first class, the passengers behave rudely to the guard; in the third, the guards behave rudely to the passengers; in the second (with a bow to his fellow-traveller), the passengers behave rudely to each other." Some of his briefer sayings are extremely droll. He once described a theatre as being so full that people were obliged to laugh perpendicularly, there was no room to do so horizontally. Of a dull townlet he visited, he remarked it was so quiet that but for an occasional death there would really be no life in the place. He was a big man, and when a little poet once threatened to run him through for an adverse criticism, he merely observed that he would thenceforth have to pull his boots up higher when he went abroad. His Jewishness was not often apparent in what he said or did. On one occasion, though, he showed that he was not unmindful of his origin. Dining at Rothschild's some fine *lachryma Christi* was placed on the table. "Whence," asked the financier, "does the wine get so strange a name?" "I suppose," answered Saphir, "it is because good Christians must weep to think that a Jew should be able to treat his friends to such a superb beverage." It must be admitted, though, that, like Heine, whom he bitterly hated, he had little sympathy with those of his own race.

From Murray's Magazine.

A HOT-WIND DAY IN AUSTRALIA.

"BRICKFIELDERS" they are called in Sydney; but then Sydney people are less æsthetic, less *exigeant*, and generally not so superfine as the people of Melbourne. Is not Melbourne a full day and a half nearer London and Paris, and its inhabitants therefore grander, more distinguished by the Vere de Vere repose, and a larger share of *aplomb*?

This dreaded wind is a northerner — we are, be it remembered, in the southern hemisphere — and comes raging from the heated interior like another *Æolus*, always

accompanied by a faithful henchman — the dust-fiend — demon even more diabolical in some of his attributes than his chief. You may know when the terror is coming by various indescribable tokens. Sometimes by an ominous silence; Nature seems to listen with bated breath, and hushed whisper; the distance darkens, a lurid glow gradually overspreads the blue-vaulted sky, closing in rapidly, while blasts of heated air strike against the cheek as if just escaped from a fiery furnace. This is but a preliminary canter; soon the viewless presence falls into swift, full-measured paces, keeping up a continuous current of scorching wind that withers up the freshness of youth, and extinguishes the vitality of the most energetic worker. Be sure the attendant demon is not far off! Erelong a vast driving volume of dark clouds, densely opaque, draws nearer; there is a rush, a giddy whirl, a noise as of wings in the air, and then it leaps down upon you like an avalanche, only not of pure white snow, but dust — loathsome, gritty, choking, spluttering, ear-filling, eye-blinding dust! It gets down your neck, up your coat-sleeves, and into your boots, your pockets — where does it not penetrate?

When on the rampage, there is nothing sacred to the dust-fiend. On Sundays, about the time of morning service, is a favorite hour for its dreaded appearance. It rushes past the disconcerted pew-openers, sweeps up the church aisles, bedecks the cushions, and scatters the printed notices right and left. With strict impartiality it speeds alike down the hutter's chimney, formed of old kerosene-tins, and the Elizabethan stacks of fashionable suburban mansions; charges up the busy streets, flashes through the omnibuses, in at one window and out of the other, like the clown in a pantomime. But not all of it! not the six bushels! Shake yourself and see. Then it spins along the suburban highways, pounces down on the scavengers' heaps of dead leaves and other odds and ends of unconsidered trifles, and they are gone, and their place knows them no more. Poets seeking new tropes and figures of speech should try what can be made of an Australian dust-storm.

Every window in the cities is closed, and the heated blast chafes and howls about the casements in a frenzy of impatient rage. Should any one incautiously turn a street-corner particularly sprucely dressed, straightway it makes for him. The air soon becomes a combination of atoms as lively as aerated waters. The

whole surrounding country seems shrouded by an atmosphere which has been whipped into the consistency of pea-soup. One side of the street is sometimes as completely hidden from the other side as by a November fog in London. Woe to the unlucky housemaid who has inadvertently left open a single window! Repentance in sackcloth and dust is her condign punishment.

And thus the enemy speeds up and down the day through. The heat is stifling, but people all seek to close every avenue of approach. Batten down and stew is the order of the day. Of two evils it is by far the least; indeed, the only defence, and every port is closed as on board ship in bad weather. Should the demon succeed in effecting an entrance, he sweeps through the hall, rushes up-stairs, and bangs every door like a maniac. The hotel kitchen is a subject of special anxiety to the functionaries concerned, and certain vendors of perishable commodities close their shops altogether.

Some years ago, in one of the chief cities, the brilliant idea was conceived of an *al fresco* banquet, which, it was argued, in a warm, sunny climate, under the cloudless blue skies of another Athens in the south, should be "after the high Roman fashion." Nothing was spared that could contribute to the successful reproduction of a classic repast in ancient Greece or Rome. The Falernian wine was absent certainly, but then, was there not an abundance of the finest products of Australian vintage? All went well until the supreme hour, when, tradition relates, swift as the wind from the land of souls came down the shadow feared by colonial hosts, bearing on its sulphureous wings

grand dull Odyssean ghosts
Athirst to drink the cool blue wine.

There is no resisting such a despoiler, and in a brief space all was universal rout and disorderly flight.

People you meet appear strangely affected by the wind-despot. That staid Evangelical curate wears a face flushed like a peony, strangely resembling the peculiar bloom produced by indulgence in alcoholic nips; that middle-aged lady district-visitor, with the severe cast of countenance, looks red and excited, and as self-consciously flurried as though she had just been the recipient of "an offer." The heated air finds its way into the law courts, the leading counsel mops his face incessantly, and glares round with the ferocity of a wild animal. The judge

fidgets, lifts his horsehair wig, and pretends to make notes, but it is a pretence and nothing more. The day wears on, night comes, and you see those nocturnal birds the pressmen adding the torments of countless gas-jets to the suffocating temperature, until the compositors' room becomes another inferno, and the printer's imps run to and fro incessantly with cans which may or may not contain water. And the editorials! Well, they are doubtless affected likewise. Heated blood, simulated wrath, are in harmony with any sensational matter on hand — "Was there any baseness like unto this baseness?" and so on *da capo* and *da capo*!

Nearly all "the airs that blow" have in their turn been the theme of some sweet singer. Even the much-execrated east wind found its laureate in Kingsley, the verse of Bryant is cloyed by "the kisses of the soft south-west," and Shelley's deathless ode, —

O wild West Wind,
Make me thy lyre, even as the forest is,

risers to the thought like a clarion-call. But who will hymn the Austral "brickfielder"?

Long-inured colonists contend that these hot winds kill the germs of fever that abound. But typhoid does not diminish. Has the notion ever got beyond the region of hypothesis? At what degree of temperature are germs asphyxiated? Who knows that germs cannot exist at a temperature which, though decidedly unpleasant, is by no means fatal to other forms of life?

Just as in old Flemish cities every housewife possesses a long black cloth cloak for a stock article of ordinary use, so in Australia every one — man, woman, or child — has a dust cloak, or coat, always at hand.

These winds sometimes last two or three days, or even longer. Their cessation is sudden and decisive. And then the gentle rain comes down, and converts the dust into mud, and the sun shines out once more; not with the weak, watery smile of northern climes, but broadly and blandly as the childlike radiation from the countenance of Ah Sing in the Chinese quarter of the town, and under the reviving influence of the cool ocean-breeze you unsay all the evil things you may have said beneath the spell of the hot wind and the dust-fiend. Alas! the enemy has not gone forever. It may be to-morrow, or it may not be for many days, but some day return he will.

STEPHEN THOMPSON.

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